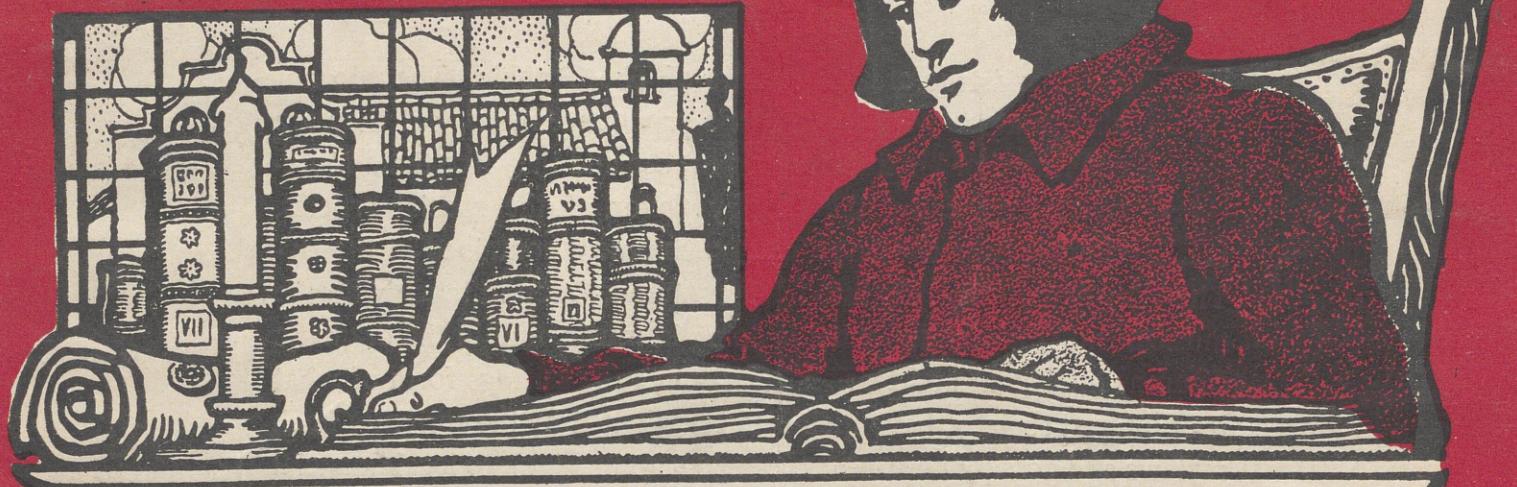


The GRAPHIC



Twenty-First Year—May 9, 1914

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

DOMESTIC INDEPENDENCE
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE MOTHER

By FRANCES CAROLINE WILLEY

Ah, sweet is now:
These dreamings in the shade;
This garment making for an unknown, lovely shape,
Whose trembling heart beats underneath her own
And gives her hint of ecstasy,
Of well-filled arms, the joy of mother-caring
Ah, sweet is now,
But sweeter shall be then!
When she shall see her childhood,
That now she draws from roses and from laughter,
And the brilliant skies with conscious need,
Playing again beside her in the sun;
Crooking its fingers through her hair,
And kissing her with pouty, little lips.
Almost has she forgot how children think—
How she thought once—
And take their happiness with impudence,
Talking of tangled stars, and living moons
In eye-wide innocence.
Almost she has forgot how children think—
How she thought once—
Then, she shall know again!

RALPH FULLERTON - MOGINE.

By Our Admiring Friends

LOYAL and true are the readers of The Graphic. They do not always agree with the Editor's pronouncements, but they are convinced of his sincerity of purpose and they like that. Moreover, they enjoy the literary flavor of the special articles, chuckle over the free and easy comment contained in the By-The-Way department, dip into the art columns, keep in touch with the musicians of the city and what is doing in music, find in the dramatic columns intelligent and fearless criticisms, sane settings forth of what is of interest socially, have their interest whetted by the sprightly book reviews and gossipy book notes, and gain an insight into local financial institutions, stock valuations and bond transactions. In brief, the ethical as well as the political and financial sides of life are illuminated and presented in a manner devoid of garishness and buncombe.

We want to enlarge our circle of readers and we hope to do it by enlisting the goodwill of the loyal family that believes in The Graphic and enjoys its weekly visits. We ask each member of our circle to pass the word along to his or her neighbor that no family can be really contented until it has subscribed for Los Angeles' high class weekly with its epitome of so much that is good and worth while in its 20 pages of carefully edited matter. Will our friends take the trouble to form this propagating society we suggest for the extension of good literature in unintentionally slighted homes? Evince your sympathetic interest in The Graphic and its conductor by becoming one of its promoting mediums. We desire to be advertised by our faithful friends.

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER,
Editor and Publisher.

THE GRAPHIC
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Phone A-4482

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TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



AUTO-INTOXICATION OF PACIFIC COAST

MUCH fine sarcasm is being indulged in by our friends on the Atlantic coast at the expense of California and we are not sure that we have not merited the banderillos now coming this way. The tendency to place the coast ahead of the country, to imagine that our little wants and wishes should have precedence of the entire nation, has been marked of late years and if we are the target of good natured sarcasm and raillery it is because we have invited such attention. California is a wonderfully fine part of the United States and we who are of it, love it dearly, but it is well to remember that, after all, we are only a small part of the whole.

Several times, the witty and always entertaining New York Life has taken occasion, recently, to remind the coast of its insularity of opinion, its narrowness of vision, not in a petty spirit, but in a pleasant way, a way well calculated to reveal the weakness of our attitude, induce a healthy introspection and create a broader outlook. Thus, in the current issue of Life we find the versatile author and essayist Mr. Edward S. Martin asking, "What is the Matter with the Pacific Coast?" He is concerned, for the moment, in an editorial which found expression not long ago in the Oakland Enquirer. With a sly dig at the editorial obtuseness which permitted the heading, "The East Don't Understand Us,"—Mr. Martin conceives that it betrays characteristic superiority to Eastern grammar—the gentle satirist proceeds to poke fun at a compilation that is eminently reflective of bumptiousness, bad taste and self-assurance. We quote its concluding paragraph in support of our statement:

And, since our manners and culture are in question, we don't mind saying that the West not only leads the nation in economic thought, but it sets the pace in education, patriotism and social purity.

Our critic of Life admits that we do set the pace in many things, in "big trees, big potatoes and big heads," for instance, and he would not place any obstacle in the way to the development of a race of supermen out here. The world needs such. The self-intoxication of our people, notes Life's psychologist, varies in details according to localities. The mental diversions of Seattle are not the same as those of San Francisco, nor those of San Francisco identical with those of Los Angeles; but the fact of the intoxication is observed all the day down. Mr. Martin modestly states that he speaks entirely by hearsay, not accusing nor yet asserting. We can only add that he appears to have been remarkably well-informed.

But may we assure our kindly critics that while the ruddy and continuous flood of sunshine is, perhaps, the prime cause of this intoxication noted, which certainly does cause swelled craniums, it is

not a chronic defect. After the disease has run its course the patient is susceptible to reason and assumes a less cocky attitude, is meeker in speech, less given to superlatives and the use of the personal pronoun. We might also remind our Eastern critic that the Oakland Enquirer is of the Progressive affiliation, a political organization notorious for its self-complacency. Even as that order finds no virtues in other political bodies so its members begin to discern in themselves superior qualities that others of us have been slow to discover. Bless your heart, Mr. Martin, the coast, at heart, is all right; in spots, it suffers from megalomania, but not in the Hearst form. That, at least, is not one of the crimes to be laid at our doors.

RAY'S OF LIGHT ON VEXED QUESTIONS

PLAINTIVELY asks the Los Angeles Times, "Will somebody explain, so that a person unlearned in international law might understand it, what will be the advantage to England of the United States charging tolls on its coastwise ships?" Advantage to England? That is a puzzler. So far as we have observed this country is not sitting up nights striving to devise means to advantage England or any foreign nation by operation of the canal on business principles. Privilege of the canal, of course, at a fair compensation, will be to the advantage of all vessels electing to use the cut-off and that includes American coastwise ships. We can see where the later, if given free passage, might disadvantage Great Britain, in the coastal trade. Argued Mr. Amos C. Miller of Chicago, in an address delivered before the Law Club of that city, not long ago:

Suppose one vessel loaded with lumber leaves Victoria bound for New York, and another leaves Seattle for the same destination, are they not in competition? Yet one must pay \$1.20 a ton and the other nothing. Two other ships leave, one from the east side, one from the west side of Penobscot Bay, both bound for San Francisco—are they not in competition, if they carry (as is likely) the same kind of a cargo? Yet one pays \$1.20 per net ton, the other nothing.

We find the Times contending that inasmuch as all coastwise traffic must be conducted in American ships, British ships could not get a pound of freight, or a passenger, if every American coastwise ship were driven from the ocean. That may sound like a conclusive argument for whatever the Times is driving at, which is not clear, but supposing, for British ships, we substitute Canadian ships—the same thing in effect—what do we find? An American coastwise ship is not estopped from picking up part of a cargo of lumber at Victoria and completing its cargo at Seattle on its way to New York. It pays no tolls, but the Canadian ship with a full cargo of lumber taken on at Victoria, en route to New York, must pay tolls. Yet such contenders for free tolls as the Times undertake to argue that there is no disadvantage to Canada or Great Britain in the exemption from tolls of our coastwise vessels.

Of course, Canada is interested as much so, as Mr. Miller points out, as we were when the Dominion paid back by way of subsidy to her ships, using the Welland canal, nine-tenths of all the tolls charged both Canadian and American ships. President Cleveland, in a message to congress, stated that the whole spirit of the concession made was, or should have been, that merchandise and property transported to an American market through the canals of Canada should not be enhanced in its cost by tolls many times higher than such as were carried to an adjoining Canadian market. "All our citizens, producers and consumers, as well as vessel owners, were to enjoy the equality provided. . . To promise equality,

and then in practice make it conditional upon our vessels doing Canadian business instead of their own is to fulfill a promise with the shadow of a performance."

Canada was properly impressed by so rational an argument and conceding Mr. Cleveland's position, decided she had no right to pay that kind of a so-called subsidy. That precedent seems effectually to dispose of the Taft-Knox position which was embodied in these words: "We built the canal, we own it, hence we can subsidize American ships by remitting tolls, and (inferentially) having built it and paid for it, we may do with it as we choose."

What becomes of our treaty obligation to give passage to vessels of all nations on terms of entire equality, if we proceed along the free tolls subsidy lines? Clearly, we are in the same boat with Canada in respect to the Welland canal, which Mr. Cleveland successfully swamped. As for the Panama canal being a purely domestic affair, as Senator Cummins has argued, that is shown to be without merit by the Victoria and Seattle object lessons we have cited. Even supposing, as Col. Roosevelt says—but which is error—that the Canadian Pacific Railroad is the only party injured by our free canal tolls clause, is it, asks Mr. Miller, forbidden to complain of a broken treaty because it is a railroad? We offer these few thoughts to the perplexed Times, which is groping for light on the free tolls controversy, humbly hoping we have furnished a ray or two.

PLEA FOR UNRESTRICTED IMMIGRATION

MARY ANTIN makes a strong plea for unrestricted immigration in the May American, in an article entitled "They Who Knock at Our Doors." Herself a child of our slums, she might forever have remained there, had it not been for the "hundred heroes and heroines among my neighbors who fought for my release." Her arguments are a trumpet call to the slumbering-conscience of those Americans who have let fear of discomforts and love of material things dull their memories of the Law of the Fathers who founded the United States.

This country was founded in the name of the common rights of humanity, and only the blind and selfish can see insuperable dangers in letting in the unfortunate of all lands on a plane of universal brotherhood. She further says: "If my knowledge of the slums counts for anything, it counts for a positive assurance that the personal devotion which is daily manifested in the life of the tenements in repeated acts of self-denial, from the sharing of a delicacy with a sick neighbor to the education of a gifted child by the year long sacrifices of the entire family, is a spark from the smoldering embers of idealism that lie buried in the ashes of sordid existence, and await but the fanning of a great purpose to leap up into a flame of abstract devotion."

This is a long sentence, but it reflects fine, high-minded appreciation of a class we take for granted and of whose motives we know little. The selfishness of union labor finds no more sympathy with her than the selfishness of the predatory rich. "It is in consistent, to put it mildly, to lead a demonstration against entrenched capital one day, and the next day to head a delegation in congress in favor of entrenched labor. Is there anything brotherly about a monopolization of the labor market? Substituting the selfishness of the poor for the selfishness of the rich will bring no one nearer the day of universal justice." There is enough of America to suffice for years to come, if we use it wisely.

As for assimilation it has always been in progress everywhere, in every nation. Her plea for safety is more social centers, more schools, more libraries, more

of everything that makes for common ideals of citizenship. The remainder will take care of itself. Men we venerate as the founders of this nation issue by the thousands from the steerage of the immigrant ship. Times have changed since the day of Washington, but human nature is much the same and men still will starve and fight and adventure for the faith that is in them. The oppressed world looks to America for a chance, for human rights and the fulfilment of that promise of the Fathers, vouchsafed in our Constitution.

Mary Antin is a clear-sighted, fearless thinker. She knows of what she speaks and her words are tipped with fire. What a contrast to the Emma Goldmans with their one-sided, petty, inflammatory eloquence that only stir up hatred and dissension! Mary Antin has a vision, as have all leaders of humanity. She sees large and kindly, with a kindling enthusiasm and faith. In closing, she rings these words clear: "Once the thunders of God were heard on Mount Sinai, and a certain people heard, and the blackness of idolatry was lifted from the world. Again, the voice of God, the Father, shook the air above Bunker Hill, and the grip of despotism was loosened from the throat of panting humanity. Let the children of the later saviors of the world be as faithful as the children of the earlier saviors, and, perhaps, God will speak again in times to come." Would there were more Mary Antins.

DR. BRIDGE NOT A CANDIDATE

GENERAL regret is expressed over the declination of Dr. Norman Bridge to become a candidate for governor on the Republican ticket, as requested by the Young Men's Republican Club of Los Angeles. A severe illness in March, from which he is only just recovering, has led him to this course, his physicians advising that to undertake a state campaign would be at great risk to his health. With reluctance, his friends and admirers yield to this decision which seems to be final. It is the state's loss.

This self-elimination leaves Los Angeles county with two tentative candidates in the persons of Captain J. D. Fredericks and Mr. Joseph Scott, both able men and of unimpeachable integrity. Either one would fill the gubernatorial chair with credit to himself and the state and we shall hope to find both the district attorney and the former head of the Los Angeles school board on the primary ticket striving for the nomination. As we have before remarked both gentlemen are noted for their backbone, their moral and physical courage and their intellectual qualities. Los Angeles county could well afford to get behind either candidate to the exclusion of all else and we shall hope to see one or the other named as the standard bearer of the party next August, no matter on whom the Democratic favor may fall.

With 290,000 registered Republicans in the state as against 150,000 Progressives and about the same number of Democrats the outlook is encouraging for the Republican party if it is wise in its selection of a candidate to head the state ticket. With either Fredericks or Scott as the standard bearer reasonable hope of enlisting the full strength of the registration exists. Fortunately, the Knowland candidacy in no wise handicaps the state ticket. The pernicious Alameda baiter of the President will have to make his appeal on individual grounds. That should settle his aspirations to the United States senate.

BENEFITS IN A WAR SCARE

SINCE the warlike clouds seem likely to be blown away by a freshening breeze of common-sense, it is well to look over the benefits that may accrue from a war scare, and make the most of what seemed to promise only woe. "Young men for war, old men for counsel," is an aphorism. Youth ever glories in conflict. He loves to try his strength upon an opponent and is easily convinced that any cause is just that gives him opportunity to fight. So the prospect of war with Mexico sends the troops joyfully on their way, fills the recruiting offices of both army and navy, and thrills all the youth of the land with patriotic zeal.

No doubt, since human nature is all akin, the

effect upon Mexican youth is not dissimilar. Much of this suffers "emotional evaporation," as the discerning Rev. Mr. Freeman happily phrased it in a warning statement to his congregation Sunday; but, even so, there is bound to remain a freshened interest in large issues, a nearer feeling of common interest with his fellow countrymen, that will not all become thin air, but will work itself out in deeds. An impressionable youth who has been stirred to the point of offering his services to his country in an hour of need, cannot ever lose the feeling that it is his country that he is bound to guard and protect, if not by fighting, then by a more eager and intelligent citizenship. To give oneself gloriously without counting the cost is the way of regeneration.

To homes devastated even now by the loss of loved ones, there can come little comfort in thoughts like these. Even preparations for war make their toll of blood. This is the horror of it that cannot be argued away. There should be no place for war among civilized nations, but since there is as yet, we may turn it to advantage as we can. Mexico, torn by internal conflict, is forced to rise above personal enmities in a common cause. Argentina, Brazil and Chili seeing their cousins in blood menaced, bring their calmer judgment to bear upon the situation, and not being personally concerned can weigh the intentions of the United States against the grievances of Mexico as no entirely foreign nation could do. There is bound to be a new understanding, a better feeling, a released tension all along the Latin-American coast, if a friendly settlement can be effected before passions are aroused that are bound to be devastating.

KENT ON VILLA AND HIS CLASS

MORE and more, Representative William Kent of the First (California) congressional district grows in mental stature and looms large as the biggest man mentally of the state delegation at Washington. His tribute to the common Mexicans, who, though backward, are "honest, kindly, hospitable and industrious," does credit to his heart and mind. "The so-called aristocracy of Mexico," declared Kent with fine scorn, the other day in congress, "despise the common people there even more than we do, but they understand their methods of thought better than we do, are more prone to superficial politeness, hence are more popular with the common people than we are."

Mr. Kent has first hand knowledge of the Mexican people of the lower classes. He admits that they are barbaric, ninety per cent Indian, but faithful workers, kind-hearted, imbued with fortitude, of boundless hospitality, though cruel in their wars, even as so-called civilization has been cruel to them. Said Mr. Kent, in explaining why he voted against the resolution asked by the President to justify his course in disciplining Huerta:

The history of our people in Mexico has been scandalous until recent times. We have sent down there our outlaws, our promoters, our grafters, our refugees, and these have uniformly and always despised the common people. They have treated them with contempt; they have killed the men, and they have not dealt fairly with the women, and we have participated in the larceny of their land. Now, we wonder that our protestations of our good intentions are not taken at their face value by the people of Mexico. I voted against the resolution that the President requested simply because I know the Mexican people. I felt that in the passage of that resolution for the acts complained of we had stumbled into hell. I did not believe that any leading Mexican could have the courage to indorse an act of territorial aggression.

Between us and a general war in Mexico, as Kent sees it, is one strong man and to Gen. Villa, whom he has in mind, the Yale graduate, the son of wealthy parents, who has had every opportunity, pays what we believe is not undeserved tribute. Kent is nothing if not independent in thought and action and he finds in Villa like attributes. He says of the fighting leader of the Constitutional forces:

Villa, bandit to be sure, a child of ignorant Indian parentage, who began an outlaw career because he was robbed, insulted, and abused, started out on the hypothesis that he must make war

against Mexican society in accordance with the only code he knew, and that code justified barbarous methods. With the little education he had he proved himself to be a great leader of men. That man has been continually growing, not alone in power, but in knowledge of what the civilized world demands of him and in knowledge of the needs of his country. The testimony I have received from private sources is that he is a brave man who keeps his word. He has, in a crucial time, had the courage of his convictions, and the enlightenment, almost alone among his people, to believe our protestations of disinterestedness, and seems to possess such a marvelous power of leadership as to hold his people in leash. We have now before us the choice of whether, in view of all the facts, we are willing to recognize this man as, in a measure, our ally, whether we are willing to accept his good offices in conjunction with the good offices of the great republics of South America, or whether we feel it incumbent on us to go into Mexico and to declare war on the Mexican people 15,000,000 in number, who cannot understand us any more than we can understand them, and to fight through a war to its indefinitely distant conclusion.

With veiled sarcasm in his closing peroration, Mr. Kent said: "If those on this side of the line who are chiefly plotting, planning, and fomenting war against this people were free of the lust of profit and land, we should merely call them senseless; we could not call them ghouls." But as many of us believe they are not free of the lust to which the congressman refers, the inclination is strong to link the final characterization as the most fitting.

STRAYING AFTER FALSE GODS

WHAT with Editor Chester Rowell reaching out for the United States senatorship from Fresno, Editor Lyman M. King of Redlands aspiring to the state senate from his district and Editor F. C. Roberts of Long Beach seeking the Republican nomination for congress in the Ninth district it may be said that the newspaper men of the state are fairly ambitious in a political way. Others of us already have attained recognition. Editor Earl, for example, is a normal school trustee, Editor Clarke of Riverside after filling one post resigned to be named for a better one—in return for which the editorial columns of the Press pulsate at the governor's feet continually—and Editor Storke of Santa Barbara is postmaster. All deserved appointment, unquestionably.

Of Lyman King's candidacy we can only say that it were hard to pick better material for the state senate than from his editorial sanctum, nevertheless, we shall be sorry to see him desert the tripod for the state toga. This applies also to Editor Roberts' candidacy. We believe it to be a fundamental mistake for newspaper editors and publishers to depart from the beaten track. Their duty is to get behind the best men—always eliminating themselves—in their community, in the race for public office and to help hold up their hands once they are elected. Horace Greeley's sad blunder should be the warning post to all newspaper men who have come after. His bitter disappointment in defeat appreciably shortened his life.

As for Chester Rowell's ambition his attitude on the free tolls question marks him as unfit for the United States senate. He has not the proper regard for the sacredness of a treaty obligation to be worthy of the treaty-making body while his predilection for subsidies stamps him as out of touch with the deep undercurrent of American sentiment. Then, too, his narrowness of vision respecting the hard working Japanese reveals so restricted a purview that we marvel at his illiberality. Contrast his smallness of outlook with the bigness of vision of William Kent of the First district, for example. There's the real progressive. Employing the upper case "p" does not stamp the titular wearer as genuine, by any means.

CONSUMERS BEGIN TO REAP ADVANTAGE

MERCHANTS here and elsewhere agree that while in woollen goods the price is about 20 per cent lower, as a rule the tendency of trade is toward better materials at no higher rate than prior to tariff revision. Linens and challis can be bought at a smart reduction, particularly the latter, which fabric is thirty-three and one-third per cent cheaper than in 1913. Men's woollen suits are selling from

15 to 20 per cent below last year's figures and are of better quality of cloth. On wool dress goods there is an average saving of 20 per cent.

Nor has the tariff affected detrimentally the price of home grown wool. Northern Arizona, for example, which is largely given over to sheep raising, recently marketed her wool crop in Massachusetts at the highest price received in years. This announcement we found recorded in the Prescott Journal-Miner, a Republican paper of pronounced standpat proclivities. The wool growers who had been told by their local papers that Wilson's election meant ruination to their industry are now sorely puzzled to account for their recent satisfactory sales to the New England manufacturers. But are they any more flabbergasted than our calamity-howlers in congress who informed the country that the mills would be closed on account of tariff reduction and shareholders were facing penury?

It was only a few weeks ago that our news columns recorded the maintenance of the regular 7 per cent divided rate on the American Woolen Company's preferred stock and that instead of curtailment of business, as feared, the company was doing almost as much again as at this time last year. Alas for the dire predictions respecting the New England textile industry! Balderdash, it was, just as we had the temerity to declare at the time. As for the Arizona contingent we miss our guess if that state doesn't give Wilson a tremendous majority in 1916, regardless of the herculean efforts of the Fairchilds, the Knowlands, the Shortridges and other prophets of evil now engaged in wailing about the terrible effects on business of the Wilson policies.

THOSE VAGRANT AFFECTIONS

WE GRIEVE to note that another wife has sought balm for her wounded spirit through a suit for damages for alienation of her husband's affections. We have ever deplored this form of litigation as placing upon a sordid, financial basis what we have always regarded as intangible and priceless—the love of a man for a woman. Moreover, it has seemed to us that, in such cases, it was too much to take for granted that the wife possessed the affections for the loss of which she sues, for if she had been truly loved the alienation would have been impossible. Where the husband continues to fulfill his financial-marital obligations, it is difficult to see wherein the wife has been mulcted, for the love that can be enticed by a new, fresher, younger, prettier face was not worth the having.

Then, too, in the particular case noted in the reports from the superior court today, the wife makes damaging admissions, at least, by innuendo. She avers that the parents of the young woman who captivated her husband, deliberately set about to put him in the proper frame of mind for their daughter's wiles, by giving him excellent meals of well-cooked and delicious viands. Further, the wife admits that her spouse has an income of several hundred dollars a week, the inference being that even with generous means at her disposal she was unable to provide the gustatory delights which the man craved. Picture to yourself this unhappy benedict, with a liberal income, yet longing for the pleasures of a well-ordered meal eaten at home, the which no mere restaurateur, however capable and well paid, can hope to furnish. In this dejected frame of mind, the man happens into a home where he finds the object of his quest, and there:

They soothed him with muffins, they soothed him with buns.

They soothed him with mustard and cress, They soothed him with jam and judicious advice, And gave him conundrums to guess. •

Even omitting the "judicious advice" entry on the late Mr. Gilbert's menu of the snark-hunter, it was a tempting array. Here he had, freely, what he was unable to acquire with his opulent weekly income. And if, besides all this, there was added the piquancy of a pleasing damsel, of amorous tendencies, was it not the final bit of zest topping off the gourmet's delight? We would not trifl with such serious mat-

ters as the relations of husband and wife, but when suit for alienation of affections is brought, it is difficult to keep our features from relaxing into excusable smiles.

MORE HONORS FOR THE COLONEL

BACK from his exploring trip through the wilds of Brazil Col. Theodore Roosevelt reaches civilized points, ie., telegraph communication with his fellows, in good health if a trifle frazzled physically, by his arduous journey. A severe bout of fever and a bruised leg that developed into an abscess were the extent of his mishaps, from both of which it is gratifying to learn that he is happily recovered. Aside from the 2000 specimens of birds, mammals and reptiles obtained by the naturalists of the party the discovery of a river not given on any published map, whose upper course was utterly unknown to white men, which is nearly 1000 miles in length, is, of course, a noted geographical find.

Col. Roosevelt states that the river takes its rise in the high uplands of the western part of the state of Matto Grosso, just north of the thirteenth parallel of south latitude and between longitude 59 and 60 west of Greenwich. Reference to the Century cyclopedia map shows this to be unexplored territory. Sixty days the party passed in canoes. Kermit Roosevelt, soon to be a bridegroom, with two others, narrowly escaped drowning in one of the numerous rapids of the river that was being explored, one of the party losing his life. Poisoned arrows shot by the Indians killed a dog belonging to Col. Rondon, chief of the Brazilian mission, but the natives did not molest the explorers.

Altogether, the expedition, undertaken originally for the American Museum of Natural History, has proved a signal success and the central spirit returns to New York with added luster. From Paraguay to Para is no insignificant journey and in accomplishing it successfully the colonel is to be felicitated and congratulated by his fellow countrymen, irrespective of party. Now, perhaps, he will yield to the appeals of his friends and attempt to run the rapids of a New York political campaign as a candidate for governor. If so, we wish him equal good fortune.

HUMORS OF THE MEXICAN IMBROGLIO

ZAPATA is what Artemus Ward would have called an amoosin' cuss. When he is not holding up trains, or cutting off indiscreet fragments of the federal army, to their everlasting discomfiture, he is issuing proclamations that do infinite credit to the fertile imagination of their author. Emiliano's latest manifesto is a death sentence pronounced on General Victoriano Huerta and General Aureliano Blanquet. Their time limit is not stated, but having announced his intention of attacking Mexico City the presumption is strong that Zapata plans to celebrate its capture by administering the last rites to the two generals accused of acquiescing in the assassination of Madero and Suarez.

We dislike to see Zapata edging in on a task to which the picturesque General Francisco Villa has especially assigned himself. It is his desire, he has been quoted as saying, to meet the drunken murderer, Huerta, and weight him so full of lead that he will sink like a plummet into that perdition he has so richly earned. It is a laudable ambition and we shall hope to see Senor Villa forestall Senor Zapata in Mexico City. If a rank outsider might be permitted a suggestion it is that the two divide the honors, Villa having the exquisite pleasure of stopping Huerta's heart circulation while to Zapata be accorded the sweet privilege of putting a stranglehold on Blanquet's bronchial tubes. There are honors enough for all.

Meanwhile, our sympathies are with Carranza in his refusal to consent to become a party to mediation proceedings if such participation demands a cessation of hostilities. The Constitutionalists have the Huerta generals guessing at this time and to give them a chance to collect their thoughts as well as an additional army of resistance would be the height of folly. Moreover, it is excellent scavenger work they

are doing. Their object is the elimination of Huerta and the substitution of a constitutional form of government. That also is our chief concern. The mediators complain that our consular agents in northern Mexico have not been instructed to urge Messrs. Carranza and Villa to agree to an armistice, which accounts for their attitude. Why should we seek to interfere in a good cause? If by continuing their forward movement the elimination of Huerta can be the more quickly accomplished it would be unwise to discourage so worthy a purpose. Meanwhile, Huerta's generals are showing signs of "wobbling" in their allegiance. The end of the usurper is not far distant. Better his sudden taking off than any more of our brave boys.

GAUCHERIES OF THE LAW

IF ONLY the law had a sense of humor! Daily journalism, it is true, would lose many spicy paragraphs, but how the tension would be relieved if one were freely allowed to laugh at the gaucheries of its emissaries! All over the country, ever since the passage of the child labor law, a controversy has been in progress in respect to the stage child. Shall he or she be allowed to act? It has not, as yet, seemed possible to any body of law makers to legislate for special cases or classes or to enact a sweeping law with exemptions. It is possible, however, in California to get permission of the labor bureau for children in special productions, which seems rather an obvious and simple thing to do.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Los Angeles Times, which is as unconsciously funny and as devoid of humor as the law, intimates that Mrs. Katherine Edson of the state labor bureau has interdicted the modest, unassuming head of a dramatic school from giving a children's performance and that she is also largely responsible for the making of the law, a statement that certainly should give Mrs. Edson a few joyous moments! The remainder of the joke is that the inhibited spectacle was being given for the benefit of the Humane Society for Children! The society, alert for the best interests of childhood, sat undisturbed watching the trained little tots revealing their pretty little arts, but the law, stern, majestic, looking down with awful eye, could not see the innocents going to destruction, so stretched forth its compelling hand!

Why didn't the offended overgod stop the interpolated banalities of the "Cecil Brunner Rose," an offense unmitigated against art and taste, to say nothing of the rights of the author? There would have been good sense in that, but anyone who can look with unprejudiced eye upon the child labor world, must see that the stage child is the best cared for of all. To keep the youngster at its best is to the interest of managers; the hours are regulated, the work is along artistic lines, full of inspirations and with a future for the talented and ambitious. Contrast that with the position of the little shop girl, the child in canneries, in cotton mills and even in mines; where is the watchful eye of the regardful law there?

It takes lobbying, threats and penalties galore to get a law passed to protect that child, to say nothing of getting it enforced. Few persons are wrought up about it. Settlement workers, social reformers, and other zealous, clear-sighted friends of humanity give their time and talents finding out what to do about it, but do we get excited and rush to their aid? But the poor stage children!! Dear, dear, how the law protects them, especially if urged on by the vigilant press which sees a petty accusation to be made and a woman to be blamed! Talk about a joke! It is a farce we are invited to consider.

Mazatlan has surrendered to the Constitutionalists under O'Bryan—at least it sounds Irish. In the words of the Count of Monte Cristo, "One!" Acapulco, Saltillo, Tampico and Mexico City are to follow.

Mme. Schumann-Heink is too well entrenched in the affections of the American people to lose prestige because of the miserable insinuations made by her husband whom she seeks to divorce. His attitude is beneath contempt.

"Udaipur, the Venice of India" ---By ELEANOR MADDOCK

GIVEN a vast territory of sharply undulating country, rising at intervals into mountain summits with gently sloping sides; artificial lakes, held firm in nature's curves and indentations; an inexhaustible store of the purest white Rajputana marble; and then, withal, the sublime art of man, and we have Udaipur; fitting citadel for that line of native rulers of the royal dynasty of Oudh. It is now held by His Highness the Maharana Dhiraj Fateh Singh, G. C. S. I., who, by virtue of his illustrious lineage, takes precedence over all the other Indian rulers, and is, therefore, the only one who bears the title of Maharana, or Rana.

Of these it is said, "Heroism their blood, loyalty their breath." Mating only with daughters of Rajput blood, who prized honor above safety, and holding chastity dearer than life, as time went on the struggle to preserve this line of pure Rajput blood became more difficult, while the conquering Moslems were steadily invading India. As when one of the reigning Maharanas was summoned to wed his daughter to a prince of the family of the Mohammedan chief Akbar, sent back as answer his naked sworn, "this is the only daughter I have to wed."

The history of those times, although infinitely tragic, is yet so tinged with color and romance, that western nations are prone to regard it as somewhat legendary. Nothing could be a greater mistake, as in the first place the various races of people living under the more direct rays of the sun, and where the "stars swing low," are subject to powerful physical forces, for here is the point where inertia and swift impulsive action inevitably meet, a condition not well understood by the nations dwelling beneath the grey dome of northern skies. Apart from certain religious phases which are not expected to be understood except by their own followers, the history of the people of India may be accepted with confidence, owing to the deliberately painstaking efforts of her historians, and the racial characteristic of attention to minute details. Volumes upon volumes of these records lie at the present time within the great marble palace of Udaipur.

What could be more thrilling than the episode connected with the childhood of Maharana Udai

Singh, founder of Udaipur, not a myth, but an actual happening in a human life, and recorded in the aforesaid records. Small wonder is it that Sir Edwin Arnold in his collection of Indian poems, "Lotus and Jewel," should have chosen it as the theme for a poem of sixteen stanzas, "The Rajput Nurse," one of which briefly contains the whole:

And she laid her own dear offspring, her flesh and blood on the floor,
With the girdle of pearls around him, and the cap that the king's son wore;
While close to her heart, which was breaking, she folded the Raja's joy,
And—even as the murderers lifted the purdah—she fled with his boy.

After one of the sieges and subsequent sackings of Chitor, then the capital of Mewar state, by the Moslems, in which the ruling Maharana was killed, there was none so well fitted to rule the state in the minority of the infant heir, as the natural brother of the late Maharana Bambir. For a time he ruled as wisely as those troublous times permitted, until—history always repeating in similar cases—he began to look darkly upon the child who would one day usurp the place, and who, meanwhile, had been entrusted to the care of a young Rajput woman with an infant of her own the same age as the little prince. One night word was hurriedly brought to her by secret messenger that those seeking to murder the Rana's son had already entered the palace. Without a moment's hesitation, and while yet both infants slept, she stripped them of their garments, and that which the murderers thought they saw when they roughly tore away the purdah from before the door was the child they sought clad in silken robes and jewels lying on his sleeping mat. But the nurse, meanwhile, with the little prince clasped to her breast, was fleeing through the long underground rock passage of Chitor, to where a handful of loyal

attendants were waiting with a boat to convey them to a place of safety. Then, it is said, the nurse disappeared, lest her presence should draw suspicion toward the child, and not until he had grown to manhood did she return before the Mewar chiefs sitting in durbar. Her story was accepted, for other proofs were not lacking. Bambir was swept out of Chitor, and the rightful heir placed on the throne. But as time drew on the chiefs and councillors began to question among themselves, was the terrible sacrifice worth while? For, strange portent in such heroic line, their young Rana was a coward. It was as though a crow had been fledged in an eagle's nest, and even the gold and crimson banner of Mewar failed to stimulate his courage.

Then it was that Akbar, later known as "The Great," although but a boy of eighteen, led his Moslem hordes against Chitor; that he was defeated was due to no effort of the Rana, but to the courage of his queen, who rode at the head of an army into the enemy's camp—this was not unusual as Rajput women often rode to battle by their husbands' side, and were skilled in the use of arms, before they were "purdah nashin" (secluded), for, later, this unfortunate custom became imperative among the Hindus in order to protect their women from the Mohammedan invaders. Nine years later Akbar, encouraged by the chaotic condition of the state, returned to Chitor, sacking it of treasure, carrying off the great battle drums, the huge candelabra which hung before the shrine, also the massive bronze

terraces built out from which the view seems actually to take in the whole of creation. Again, there is the great octagon granite and marble palace, which stands on the high embankment overlooking the lake, rising one hundred feet from the level of the gardens in front, and yet to a much greater height from the water's edge, where it rests on a massive wall of masonry. This portion is known as the Zenana palace, and the scarcity of windows gives it the suggestion of a prison; it was, doubtless, considered better for the eyes of the women to gaze upon the lake and the mountains beyond, rather than upon the view from the other side. Fergusson, a prominent Indian historian, has pronounced this the finest palace in the way of position, beauty of line, etc., to be found in India.

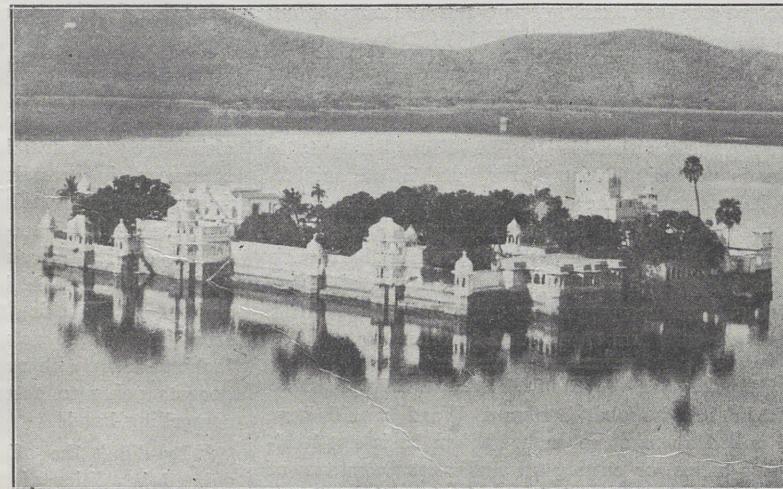
The description of the marvels to be seen in the interior of these dwellings of an eastern potentate must be left for another time, for in any case the interest centering in and around Udaipur is almost inexhaustible. It may be said, *en passant*, that the Maharana does not look with favor upon tourists generally, and they are not allowed inside any of the palaces, still, even with these restrictions, there is much to see and enjoy. For the invited guest, however, there is the other extreme, the lavish hospitality and fine courtesy that expresses itself in the smallest detail: the greeting at the station, the state carriage, escorted by servants wearing the Maharana's livery, yellow with blue turbans; the drive through the long stretches of road, shaded by tamarisks and acacias, to the state guest-house in the midst of a cool garden full of birds and creeping things, for here nothing is ever killed.

WOMEN'S PROTEST AGAINST WAR

WHAT is recorded as the first war protest has been held in New York. In its way it was as remarkable meeting as was ever held here. Tuesday the idea was born and a few leaders of organizations were communicated with. That night at a preliminary meeting they discussed plans. Thursday evening the meeting was held and Cooper Union was filled to overflowing. Every seat was occupied and there were as many standing as safety and the law permitted. And that with scarcely a word from the press. Peace talk is not popular with the papers just now and it was not good business to give the meeting publicity, yet the enthusiasm of that throng testified to the sentiment of the people as nothing else here has done. It was woman's protest against war, organized entirely by women. About most things women, like men, disagree, but upon war they are agreed. Individual interests and idiosyncrasies disappear in the horror of war and in the absurdity of using war as a means of settling human difficulties. And so women of every persuasion met together to voice this feeling and with them came men. More than half the vast audience was made up of men. But upon the platform sat only women and all the speakers were women.

* * *

Mrs. Robert Bruere said that women had the right to make a protest against war because they pay the first cost on all human life. She introduced the chairman of the meeting, Mrs. Henry Villard, daughter of William Lloyd Garrison, apostle of liberty. Mrs. Villard again and again voiced the belief that nothing can justify the taking of human life, that nothing is ever really settled by war and that in this century civilization should be in a position to adopt a better course. She introduced Miss Mary Shaw who as first speaker set a tone of dignity to the meeting that was not departed from through the evening. She spoke of the love of country that comes instinctively, the feeling that is awakened in a woman when she finds after marriage to a foreigner that she has no country of her own, and how the country of her allegiance is destroyed when the men she loves are sent out to be killed. And then through the medium of Mrs. Browning's wonderful poem, "Mother and Poet," she described the anguish of bringing up sons to be sacrificed in war. Miss Shaw put a quality in her delivery of the poem that was marvellous; that it struck home was testified to by the stilling of the stirring audience into absolute silence, broken only at the end by a tremendous volume of applause that could only be stilled by Miss Shaw herself. Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gillman followed. Mrs. Gillman made a superb speech. She said that she felt that she was taking part in the greatest mass meeting of women that the woman's movement had produced. She spoke of the inconsistency of the attitude which regards individual killing, which is murder, as repulsive, and collective killing which is war, as a thing of glory. To fix the blame of individual murder the first ques-



WATER PALACE (JAG NIWAS) UDAIPUR

gates, all being taken to Delhi, where they can be seen today by the visitor who knows where to look for them.

Even India's historians have not spared Rana Udai Singh for his weakness in this crisis when his presence was sorely needed, for gathering up an army of followers he fled into the fastnesses of Rajputana where he raised up another stronghold to which he gave his name, the city of Udaipur, where he died four years later, about the same time that Emperor Ala-u-din, lured to Chitor by the far-famed beauty of Padmini, finished the work of Akbar, leaving the royal city a shattered ruin. But, the law governing the universe has so decreed that nothing which is beautiful shall ever be wholly lost, therefore, who shall say that Chitor does not live today, in the pierced marble tombs and stately lake palaces of Udaipur.

To picture these marvellous palaces requires the poetic imagery of the East. Although built of white marble yet age seems to have brought out a faint rose tinge over the graceful towers and rounded domes—

Piercing the warm blue Indian air.

Then in the glow which comes just before nightfall, they seem literally to float upon the water; at all times there is the impression of a mirage that may presently melt and fade among the clouds. In the extreme hot weather the royal household takes up its residence here—the walls and shaded corridors, behind marble grills, hold secrets, and in one of the suites, known as the painted rooms, at times a beautiful woman is seen gliding about, her anklets making a faint tinkling sound on the marble floor.

Then there is a wonderful palace on the top of a steep mountain, 3209 feet above sea level, which can be reached only on an elephant, the road winding round and round corkscrew fashion; on all sides are

tion we ask is, Who profits by this? In war we must fix the blame in the same way? Who profits by war?

* * *

"J. D. Rockefeller, Jr.," shouted a voice. "No," said Mrs. Gillman, "it is bigger than any personality, bigger than any individual. I have been asked if this meeting is held to criticise the present administration. Emphatically I say 'No.' The President has done his best to resist the force that has precipitated this war which involves the right of one hundred millions of people to declare war upon thirty million. The first big interest that will sell its goods by reason of it is the press, and that part of it which is to be condemned has done all it can to play upon unbridled passions and arouse the flame ever ready to burn in the hearts of men. Second, are the property interests. Capital, proverbially timid, seeks always protection. Now, if you ask me if there is a remedy I tell you, yes. Wars are fought by the people. They do the killing, they do the dying and they do the paying. Those who send them forth reap the profit. When the people decide that they do not want war, that they will not be dragged into it, there will be no war. It depends upon the mass of people ultimately and upon them alone."

* * *

Mrs. Blatch followed in much the same strain. She spoke of the difference between man's insight and woman's. Men were surprised by the turn that events had taken. Women were not. Women know that if you are on bad terms with a belligerent neighbor it is unwise to go forth and stand directly in front of his house with clenched fists, and women know that if you insult one member of a family the whole family will unite to resent it no matter if they are fighting among themselves. We could not send our vessels down to Mexico and send blue jackets on shore and have nothing happen. To block the yellow journals she suggested that we buy not more than one paper a day and never a second edition. She would lead the way, she said, by withdrawing her subscription from the paper that is advertising the war correspondent it has secured to go to the front. "I have contempt for men who concoct wars for other men to fight. Those who make war are usually far away from those who fight it. If they had to lead the troops as in the old days there would be no war today in Mexico." Miss Helen Todd, who did such valiant work in the California campaign for equal suffrage, spoke of the protest that women who have the ballot now would register in the next election against those who have brought this war upon us. She evoked a wonderful demonstration when she protested against what is being done in Colorado and what has been done to Mother Jones. She begged the men to think what war really means and to remember what happened when the country was stampeded into a patriotic flurry by the phrase "Remember the Maine." The men sent to the front were poisoned with bad beef. The men who died did not all die to the sound of the drum and fife. The majority died in camp from enteric fever in a most inglorious way. She was followed by Mrs. Florence Kelley who said that a people who had our record in dealing with the blacks, a people who could not control one gray-haired woman, Mother Jones, nor the situation in Colorado, could hardly be credited with the wisdom necessary to control our brown brothers across the border. Miss Francis Perkins then presented the resolution:

"Whereas, since the world began, women have given of their best efforts to save human life, it is fitting that we protest in burning words against the tragic folly of involving this country in war with Mexico.

"Be it resolved, therefore, that this mass meeting of women call upon the President to put the noble words he has uttered in the past into deeds. We ask him to withdraw our troops from Mexico and thus with true courage and a high sense of honor repair the harm already done."

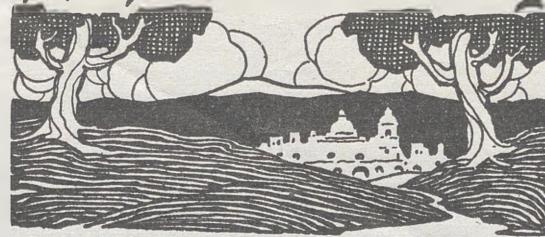
"It is not strong enough," shouted a man from the rear. "We want men included," shouted another. For a moment pandemonium broke out. But the chairman held her ground, and the foregoing resolution was carried. A second resolution was presented protesting against the conditions prevailing in Colorado, and a third providing that a permanent committee be formed to protest against war and to communicate with women's organizations throughout the country that the movement might become national.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, May 4, 1914.

Seventeen caskets, wrapped in the flag, bearing the honored dead.
Seventeen lads whose precious blood so needlessly was shed!
Seventeen homes that are desolate because of the loved ones slain,
Seventeen reasons why hateful war in cost exceeds all gain.

By the Way



Bringing Home the New Baby

I took a run down into the valley Sunday to see the troops mount guard and to renew early associations with military camp life, but it is not of my visit to Calexico I would speak. The train gets to Imperial Junction at about 5 in the morning and as we lay there I became dimly conscious of an invasion of our sleeper. I heard an excited voice call "Here Jim!" and looking out saw the comely young woman with a very young baby who occupied the berth across from mine beckoning to a strapping chap with bronzed features who came striding down the aisle in response. There followed two hearty kisses as he embraced her and then I heard him ask nervously, "Where is it?"

"Here!" was the proud answer, and the young mother, throwing wide the curtains revealed the sleeping form of the tiny creature the father was seeing for the first time.

I withdrew my gaze. The picture was too sacred for outsiders. Both were basking rapturously over the little morsel of humanity, oblivious of all surroundings.

"The darling!" I heard him exclaim, then quickly add, "Both darlings!" It was a joyous reunion!

Of What Is the Captain Thinking?

Following the election of Captain John D. Fredericks as president of the State Association of District Attorneys last week there are several persons who have a weather eye on the Republican nomination for governor who would give something to know just what is going on in the Captain's mind. To accept this honor, though his term of office expires before the next gathering of the association, has sounded to the politicians as if he were courting statewide publicity. Personally, I do not believe Captain Fredericks will run unless a pretty strong appeal is made by the most influential elements in the party, north and south, acting in harmony. His long service for the county has been strenuous and I doubt if he is looking for another big fight.

Quick Wit of a Monologuist

No other entertainer stands in need of quick wit so much as the monologuist, whose act may be ruined irretrievably, or made the hit of the evening, through an unforeseen incident. At a cheap vaudeville theater this week a man in black face was making doleful efforts to entertain the audience, which was frankly bored, and the audiences at these lower priced theaters make no bones about displaying lack of interest. Behind the drop the stage was being prepared for an act in which several lions were used. The futile efforts of the monologuist were interrupted by loud noises of cages being moved, and there were occasional roars from the animals. The hard-working entertainer hit upon an inspired idea. He stepped forward and remarked in a conversational tone: "You know, this is extremely annoying to me. I'm not myself at all. Why, one of those lions may rush out here any minute and bite me right in the middle of my act." There was a roar from the audience that drowned those from behind the scenes. "I hope these few lines will find you well" the speaker added, when the noise had subsided. With these two impromptu remarks, failure was transformed into success, and the remainder of the monologue, though no better in quality than what had preceded, was delivered to a hilariously appreciative crowd, so contagious is the germ of cachinnation.

Hearst Has His Eye on Texas

Texas will be the next state upon which William Randolph Hearst will confer the incalculable favor of establishing one of his newspapers within its boundaries. This announcement may be premature, may be a surprise to all of the Hearst cohorts, but it is justified and borne out by the following excerpt from a personal letter of Hearst to the Mayor of El Paso (probably "not intended for publication" but divulged by an unscrupulous underling): "No man with any sense believes that Texas, or any town in Texas, or any individual in Texas is afraid of anybody or anything. I know, personally, that if Texas were permitted, it could do single handed what the United States ought to do, and that is, take Mexico

and make it part of this country." All that is lacking is the name of the Texas city which is to be honored by the greatest of all editors, and the date of initial publication.

Baseball and a Man Named Hogan

In almost every sport, a part of the game is disconcerting the opposing team and encouraging your own. In no sport but baseball is this ever carried to an offensive extreme, and seldom in baseball. At Washington Park last Sunday, we are told, a mere tyro of a pitcher, a raw lad out of high school, was defeating the Venice team with a remarkable display of talent. In one inning he showed signs of unsteadiness, and Hogan, the Venice manager, supported by a gang of other leather-jungled hoodlums, tried to take advantage of this by screaming personal epithets at the lad, thinking his youth would make his downfall easy. The abuse became so objectionable that Hogan and one of his fellow rowdies were put off the field by the umpire. The boy won his game, and probably would have done so without this protection, but the moral remains. The local baseball teams do not stand high with true admirers of the sport this year. The Los Angeles team is a farce, and the Venice outfit can be relied upon invariably to display barroom tactics similar to those of last Sunday. The one person who can remedy this is Eddie Maier, the owner of the team. Until he can find a manager with the first instincts of a sportsman, and Henry Berry can find one who can organize a baseball team, a good many folk who admire the national game in its purity will stay away from Washington Park.

H. G. Otis and Hogan

In this matter General Otis is own brother to Hogan, and the reelection of Supervisor Norton is a direct result. There is not the slightest doubt that Norton's majority was a direct rebuke to the Times' reprehensible politics—or rather not politics at all, but pure mudslinging. Norton never paid the slightest attention to the outgivings at First and Broadway, for, as a matter of fact, the personalities brought up by the Times were palpably forced, and no intelligent man could find indictable material therein. Otis seems incapable of learning, through successive defeats, that his methods are antiquated and billingsgate is not recognized as an argument. Norton should have been defeated. Temperamentally, and in every other way, he is unfitted for public office, but those who were lukewarm in his support were crystallized into a fighting phalanx by the attacks upon his private life. All persons who aspire to public preferment may well pray to be spared the support of this terrible friend.

Yet We Have to Smile

Still there is a silver lining to this murky cloud, for while one cannot help entertaining a certain amount of wholesome wrath at this man who does so much to discredit his craft, he gives us so many smiles that it partially atones for his continued pernicious activity. His attempt to attribute the election of Norton to the fact that opponents of the recall law voted for the supervisor to discredit this form of direct legislation is so amusing that one almost forgets how silly it is in its seriousness. It would have been a little nearer the bounds of reason to have crept out by saying the opposition to Norton was split too many ways, though the supervisor's clear majority of more than two to one over the field discounts even that theory.

Reporters Not Always at Fault

In a street car a few days ago I could not help overhearing the conversation of two women in the seat behind me. They were discussing the Mexican situation, and one was doubting even that there had been any fighting at Vera Cruz. She believed it was all made up in the newspapers, basing her skepticism upon the fact that there had recently been a burglary in the place where she lived, and there was not one detail in any of the newspaper accounts in accordance with the facts. As the car passed on this critic of newspapers noticed a vacant lot which had been cultivated, and there were signs of sprouts appearing through the soil. "Is that a garden, or are those just plants?" the woman remarked. Now, with a capacity for concise expression like that, surely she had a right to be critical. I hazarded a mental guess that it was she who furnished the reporters with the details of the burglary. Incidentally, I gathered that the critic was a school teacher.

Our Excellent Fire Department

If there had been any lingering doubt in the minds of Los Angeles citizens as to the efficiency of the fire department it must have been dispelled by the high praise showered upon that portion of it which went to Pasadena to assist in fighting the Maryland Hotel fire. Much adverse criticism was passed upon the Pasadena department, but all commented upon the businesslike manner in which the Los Angeles

men hurled themselves upon the only portion of the structure which was still standing when they arrived, and saved it, though it had to be pulled down subsequently, as the flames had made too much progress. As one spectator described them, "They jumped at the fire as if they liked the work, like a football player tackling a runner."

Rumors of Examiner Shakeup

I hear vague rumors that there is to be a shakeup on the Examiner, with stringent economies as the slogan. It is whispered that the axe is being whetted and quite a number of the Hearst employees are having their necks measured for armor plate.

City Employees Enlisted

This week the employees of the water department who deliver the monthly bills have been enlisted in the fight to carry the power bonds, and delivered from house to house appeals to vote for the \$6,500,000 issue. This may not be an infringement of the civil service rules, but it certainly verges upon something akin to that. If there is no regulation covering this point there should be an ordinance enacted. Persons protected by civil service rules should be prohibited from taking part in municipal elections in any way except the exercise of their voting franchise, especially while on duty. Why should a power bond election be different from a campaign for council members? If the administration may use the public servants to aid its political campaigns of this sort, why can it not utilize them likewise for its own perpetuation?

Horn-Tooting Extraordinary

For the last few weeks the readers of the Express have been regaled with blatant boasts of how that newspaper had been first in war, first in peace and first with the score of the ball games. This is not done for the subscribers' benefit, because the man who reads one newspaper does not know and does not care about what the other did. He knows it was first or thinks it was, or he wouldn't buy it. That is the reason so many more people buy Heralds than Expresses. These boasts are printed purely and simply for the effect they have on advertisers, to create the impression of being alive, regardless of the actual condition. I checked up one of the Express bits of horn-tooting by inquiring of a newsboy who was handling both papers, and he told me that the Herald had its papers with the story in question on sale in the Express alley fifteen minutes before Mr. Earl's presses started with the same story. This was one of the big incidents of the Vera Cruz excitement. Of course, it doesn't make a great deal of difference to the general public, but when a newspaper prints day after day a standing declaration that it had all the important news of the day before, a long time before, its principal competitor, especially when that competitor is known to have a much larger circulation, it is as inane as things General Otis does, though not quite so silly as the antics of William Randolph Hearst.

No Charge Made for This "Adv."

Harold Bell Wright's annual "greatest novel" approaches in its customary meek and modest manner. I quote from the publishers' announcement of the forthcoming classic of El Centro's leading novelist: "The Eyes of the World" is a Real Romance with wholesome action, plot, counter-plot, mystery and love. The vigor of 'That Printer of Udell's,' the sweetness of 'The Shepherd of the Hills,' the power of 'The Calling of Dan Matthews,' the grace of 'The Winning of Barbara Worth' and the ripe thought of 'Their Yesterdays' are all woven into the most delightful story that Harold Bell Wright has yet written." Indeed, we trust we shall not be overlooked when the review copies are distributed. To quote again: "Harold Bell Wright does not contribute to any magazine." Cruel, cruel Mr. Wright! Thus far, the magazines appear to be bearing up remarkably well, by falling back upon such hacks as Margaret Deland, Amelie Rives, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Mary Andrews, Governor Morris, Gilbert K. Chesterton and Colonel Roosevelt.

Still Attacking Fruitlands

I herewith challenge the Los Angeles Consolidation Commission, or whatever the name is of the body in charge of the work of annexing territory contiguous to Los Angeles, to justify its action in spending probably \$5000 of the public money calling five elections to make the district known as Fruitlands part of Los Angeles. If the commission will give any explanation whatsoever of its course I shall be glad to print it in full. I shall also be glad to print in full explanations by any of the six alleged newspapers of Los Angeles, why they not merely have neglected, but absolutely refused to print any information concerning this perpetual siege of Fruitlands. The territory has been gerrymandered until the maps of the various election districts look like a collection of jig-saw puzzles. The fifth of these

attempts at benevolent assimilation of the buffer district between Los Angeles and Huntington Park takes place today. The desire is to get within striking distance of Huntington Park, and then allow that thriving community to shoulder a part of the bonded indebtedness. Thus far the owners of Laguna Ranch, the principal property interest involved, have been able to defeat the annexationists. If there is any shadow of excuse for these continuous attempts to absorb a reluctant territory, let the annexationists speak up.

Seventh Street's Future Assured

With the announcement of the J. W. Robinson Company's building plans for Seventh and Grand avenue, on the old postoffice site, the future of Seventh street as a retail section takes on a still more rosy hue. It just needed the confidence of such a store as Robinson's to start things westward at that point, for, after all, it is patent that this street, the first one south of Sunset boulevard which is open its entire distance for ordinary traffic, must be one of the most important in the city in years to come. The rapid extension of Broadway south has caused the street to be overlooked to a certain extent, but the presence of Bullock's at Seventh and Broadway has proved an effective retail anchor. Incidentally, this is the widest of all streets going east and west, until the residential district is reached. Brockman's own building at Seventh and Grand (he owns the new Robinson site as well) is a standing proof of its owner's belief in the possibilities of the location for the highest class of business, for, I am told, he has refused to lease the store room on the ground floor to, at least, one would-be tenant for the reason that the applicant's business was not of a nature to keep up the tone of the corner. If this is not foresight, please give me a better sample. I happen to know who it was wanted to rent the store, and I doubt if the Robinson lease for the opposite corner would ever have been consummated if the firm in question had succeeded in getting a long lease on the store which it will face. It will be a year before the new store is ready for occupancy, and I predict that by then there will be a goodly array of attractive shops between Broadway and Grand. Already, with Bullock's as the starter, the Dyas sporting goods house, and the Los Angeles Athletic Club building, make a good beginning.

"Bill" Mulholland, Ph. D.

I have been unable to ascertain whether there is any truth in the seemingly serious story published recently to the effect that "Bill" Mulholland is to be the recipient of the degree Ph. D. If this is a joke it is in extremely bad taste; if not, it is in much worse taste. I allow no one to take precedence over me in admiration for any man or woman who, lacking all the advantages of education, is able to shoulder aside college graduate and academician in his or her chosen line of work. Let us grant that Mr. Mulholland is all, from an engineering viewpoint, that his warmest admirers claim for him. Let us attribute to him all the virtues that go with homely honesty and rugged strength, if you please. Still is he far from being entitled to that distinction which is supposed to credit its possessor with all that is highest and finest in scholarship. The reply of the ranter is that Mulholland has something which is worth ten times all the scholarship that is turned out in all the colleges in the world. Well, then, let no college attempt to approach this high peak of achievement with its petty degrees. It has ever been a boast of Mulholland that he never went to school, and his language and diction bear out his assertion. To decorate his manly bosom with such tinsel honors as suggested would be like inviting Jack Johnson to occupy the chair of deportment in a ladies' seminary. Let us not embarrass our civic hero further. If the story is unfounded, the University of California has much better grounds for a libel suit for heavy damages than certain other plaintiffs of recent date.

All Depends Upon Viewpoint

Isn't it strange how widely different things look from Eleventh street than they do from First? For instance, when the Business Stability Association was organized this week, a newspaper published at First and Broadway considered it of sufficient importance to print a report of the aims of the organization in full, under a two-column head on the first page of the local news section, the article occupying about three columns of space. A newspaper which is published at Eleventh street and where Broadway will be when it gets that far, did not think it worth more than half a column, most of which was absorbed by headlines, nor did it see fit to explain that the idea was to anchor business north of Seventh street. Apparently, those whose business interests lie north of that artery have taken to heart the defection of Robinson's. That the organization will be no mere glad hand affair, and not a mere "booster" body, with which title the Examiner tries to damn it, is shown by the character of its directorate, composed of Ho-

mer Laughlin, Jr., E. P. Clark, M. H. Newmark, Harry Philp (representing Arthur Letts), R. A. Rowan, A. C. Bilicke, A. J. Waters, Marco H. Hellman, E. P. Johnson, C. Wesley Roberts, John Luckenbach, A. C. Bilicke.

Explaining the Oil Situation

Mexican Petroleum is not the joy that it once was. I was interested in reading an article in one of the local papers recently, wherein it was explained with great detail why there was no reason for the decline in the Mexican Petroleum stocks. Their properties were out of the trouble zone, the story went on, their employees well armed, and their Mexican helpers loyal to the last. The trouble would soon blow over, the article assured the public, and Mexican Petroleum would promptly advance by leaps and bounds. The funny thing about it is that the owner of this paper and another Los Angeles newspaper proprietor who is heavily interested in Mexico, are leaders in the demand for war which is causing the slump.

Biter Badly Bitten

One of the witnesses tells me of a piece of larceny which was considered justifiable by those who saw the affair. Two dice sharks possessing a set of loaded cubes, had been victimizing cigar men. They had cleaned up in Los Angeles and decided to transfer their operations to Pasadena, but their victim was warned. The game began and soon the cigar man was losing heavily. He then wrote a check for two hundred dollars and placed it on the table. In the course of the operations he became possessor of all the cash the bunco pair had between them amounting to about \$75. Thereupon, he reached over, tore up his check, pocketed the money belonging to the sharpers, and told them to go—back to Los Angeles. They had no recourse, saw the point, and went.

Times Continues Classic Blunders

I regret to see Gardner Bradford joining the ranks of the classic blunders on the Times. He refers to the Queen of Sheba's complexion as being a matter at which only guesses may be made. The general idea is that she was an Ethiopian monarch, because Solomon said of her, "She is black but comely," but that is not the case. She was from South Arabia, and while of dusky visage, was not a daughter of Ham. Certainly, she was not a blonde, as Gardener infers from the expression "fair as the dawn."

"Speak Gently to Your Cow"

[News Item in Times of May 5]

Don't speak urgently to your cow,
Or swat her head, or twist her tail;
Don't bring the furrows to her brow;
For tender words will fill your pail.

Don't make her stand in dirty stall,
If you'd increase her yield of milk;
Just drape her in a dainty shawl,
And clothe her lissome form in silk.

If she should toss you to the roof,
Or kick your ribs a sounding swat,
Just fondly stroke her clinging hoof,
And give her air that's rare—and hot.

If you address her tender words,
And tell her that you love her so,
She'll fill your bowls with cream and curds,
And make your pitchers overflow.

If she should kick the pail sky-high,
Then break her rope and run away,
Don't gouge your thumb into her eye,
Just say, "You're feeling gay today!"

If you will always strive to please,
And words of praise and kindness utter,
You'll swell the output of your cheese,
And double up on milk and butter.

Instead of saying "Saw, you witch,"
Insinuate "My dear, please move,"
If in your eye her tail she switch,
Request her, "Don't do that, my love."

If you would have your milk-room full
And raise your butter crop by half,
Just kindly praise her favorite bull
And compliment her pretty calf.

—NOMAD.

It is naively stated that Edna Goodrich, one of Nat Goodwin's ex-wives, has retired from the stage to live in Paris with her mother. Miss Goodrich appears to have excellent judgment; first, in retiring from the Goodwin menage, next, in leaving the stage which, alas, she never did adorn, that is, histriónically.

Miss Marie Gans reiterates her friendly desire to shoot John D. Rockefeller on sight. Sweet Marie!

Music



By W. F. Gates

Euterpean male quartet announces a concert at the Gamut Club theater for next Thursday night. It has been quite a time since this club has given a program, though it occasionally has taken part in musical and social affairs. The present membership is the same as for the last sixteen years, though prior to that time there were changes in the personnel. This is the oldest continuously active musical organization now in Los Angeles, I believe, having been organized twenty-four years ago. For two decades, at least, this club was the mainstay, with the symphony orchestra, of the musical atmosphere of Los Angeles, and I believe, antedated the symphony by about seven years. The original membership included Messrs. J. P. Dupuy, first tenor, F. E. Nay, second tenor, H. S. Williams, baritone, and Frank W. Wallace, bass. Henri Burton, first director of the Ellis Club, was the quartette's instructor. The membership remained the same until 1899 when Mr. Williams resigned. Horatio Cogswell sang in his place for six months and then Louis Zinnamon became the baritone. In 1900 Mr. Nay went to New York, and in his absence Clement Wilson substituted in the second tenor parts. The quartette became a rarely congenial musical family and so, doubtless, will continue until incapacitation of its members. The quartette owes its success and long life to continual practice and self-sacrifice. Many a business engagement where monetary considerations were involved was sacrificed and social engagements discarded in order to keep up the work.

An organization like this means more than simply the pleasure or income of its members. It has been the mother and nurse, so to speak, of various other and seemingly more important organizations of the musical life of Los Angeles. This quartet was the germ around which was organized the Ellis Club; part of its membership led in organizing the Gamut Club and was active in raising the first guarantee fund for the local symphony orchestra. Mr. Dupuy later organized the Orpheus Club and the Music Teachers Association. These have been at the foundation of Los Angeles musical reputation, and it is by reference to them that the wide reach of the Euterpean's influence is shown.

In earlier years, it was a stamp of artistic standing to appear in concerts of the Euterpean quartet. And a list of those so appearing reads like a roster of Los Angeles concert performers of the last decade of the last century and the first decade of this. The first to be engaged were Mollie Adelia Brown, soprano, and Mrs. W. D. Larabee, pianist. Then followed Katherine Kimball Forest, soprano, and Kate Ryder (now Mrs. Baskerville), pianist. Mary L. O'Donoughue, pianist, J. Bond Francisco, violinist, Beatrice Francisco (now Mrs. C. E. Pemberton), pianist, Bernard Bierlich, cellist, Lillian Scanlon (now Mrs. Gee), contralto, Minnie Hance, contralto, Sibyl Conklin, contralto, Lottie Varnum, pianist, Blanche Williams (now Mrs. Henion Robinson), pianist, Ethel Fultz (now Mrs. Robert Smith), soprano, Isabel Curl (now Mme. Piana), soprano, Archibald Sessions, organist, Mae Orcutt, pianist, Faith Nash, contralto, and others. The artists with the quartette at the coming concert are Mrs. Maud Barnard, soprano, and Will Garraway, pianist.

It is expected that the quartet will be greeted by a large audience next Thursday.

There has been suggested, tentatively, that the musically inclined of Los Angeles set aside a day for the promulgation of symphony doctrine, a "symphony day," as, recently, there was a "raisin day." If oranges and raisins and alfalfa each is to have its day, certainly the symphony should not be omitted. Anything to create interest in what is good. And yet, a day for this purpose about October first would seem to be at a better time than in May, just after the season is closed. Naturally, the management would like to get an inkling of the support the symphony organization is going to receive next year. One means would be a symphony fete, given on grounds large enough to entertain hundreds, grounds not ordinarily so exclusive as to scare away us of the un-moneyed class.

In the nature of the case, symphony music, like opera, is an expensive enjoyment. It must live by the support or die by the non-support of the wealthy. There is a dominant spirit of "noblesse oblige" which should be met. The poor cannot support opera or symphony—it must be the rich. This fete idea would appeal to "society" and strong efforts should be made to interest every person with pretensions of education, society standing and wealth. Possibly, half a dozen such affairs could be held in the same day, in different sections: Westlake district, Adams district, Exposition Park district, Boyle Heights district, Hollywood district, Highland Park district, and so on to Pasadena. An address on the work of the orchestra could be given at each place; sections of the orchestra could give musical numbers; leading soloists would be glad to give their services to such a project. But all this would mean the sacrifice of time and energy on the part of a central committee and sub-committees.

This is not to say that the plan outlined above is the best one possible. The best would be for the score of millionaires of Los Angeles and vicinity each to give \$10,000 toward a permanent fund for the symphony, the interest only to be used. That is the best plan. Why not put it into operation? Simply because the Higginson spirit has not reached Los Angeles in any great measure. So it comes to creating interest in the many of lesser means. Let every one with any civic or artistic pride assist in whatever plan is adopted.

New York's symphony orchestra was formerly backed up by twenty-eight wealthy men. The loss this season was \$56,000. At the last annual meeting, Harry Flagler assumed all future deficits in the following few words, thus placing himself beside Henry Higginson, of Boston, as an art patron. Said Mr. Flagler after paying tribute to Walter Damrosch: "I take pleasure in offering personally to defray the deficit of the Symphony Society for the future, beginning with May 1, 1914, for which purpose I am prepared to set aside yearly an amount which will ensure the continuance of its work on the highest artistic lines, and allow for future expansion, should that seem desirable."

Last Saturday evening, pupils of Alfred Butler and Risser Patty, of the

Los Angeles Conservatory of Music, Mozart theater building, gave a recital at the Ebelle club house. Mr. Butler's performers were Ruby Edgecomb, Vinal Palmer, Arthur Hitchcock and George Hopkins, while those taught by Mr. Patty, in singing, were Misses Barkelow, Brent, Gehrett, Hilliard and Massie, Roy Kendall and William McConnell. The first half of the program was of classic selections and the latter portion was of vocal works by Los Angeles composers, several of them accompanying their own works. The composers represented were Misses Freeby, Ross, Peycke, and Messrs. Colby, Grunn and Smith, all but Misses Freeby and Peycke accompanying their own works. Messrs. Butler and Patty are among the highly respected musicians and instructors in Los Angeles, Mr. Butler especially being known by his years of experience as organist and pianist, and their pupils were exemplars of their methods. Both teachers leave for Europe in a few weeks, Mr. Patty to stay a year.

Adolf Tandler, director of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, is on his way to Vienna to see his mother. Incidentally, he will visit several other musical centers where there recently have been erected auditoriums for concert purposes and will secure new ideas in the planning of such structures, as may be of use later in Los Angeles. It is an open secret that this city now has no auditorium well suited to and open to musical affairs. Let us hope that this unfortunate fact may be burned in on the consciousness of our moneyed-musical people until they come to the rescue of the city's good name in this matter. Then Mr. Tandler's accumulated ideas will be available and useful.

Last Saturday night one of the old favorites of Gilbert and Sullivan, "Trial by Jury," was given by teachers and students at the Little Theater. The cast of characters included Stanley F. Widener, Arthur Brick, Clara C. Wolf, Raymond Greenland, Otis Mercer and Charles Huey. The music was directed by Thomas Taylor Drill, one of the vocal staff of the school. On the stage were fifty students of the school in the chorus.

So successful was the plan of the Gamut Club management set into operation about two years ago, to furnish the walls of the club rooms with curios and objects of art, that the committee in charge of this matter is active in extending its scope. The meeting of the club to be held June 3 has been denominated an art and curio donation meeting. There is no doubt that the interesting features of the club will be largely augmented at that time. The treasures of the club are matters of much interest:—autographed photographs of the great artists, antique musical works, newspapers in two score languages, relics of warfare, from the south seas and the polar regions, from Africa and India—and many of them could have a story told as to how this or that member secured them. Such things evince the love of the members for a club and offer a repository for interesting articles not exactly fitted for the walls of a home.

Verne Elliott has issued two songs called "Alone" and "The Land of Heart's Desire" through the Musicians Publishing Co., Los Angeles. They are well adapted to teaching purposes, being straightforward in melody and with comfortable piano accompaniments. They are pleasing evidence of the careful instruction received by the young composer.

Percy Shaul-Hallett has initiated a movement for a choir guild in the Episcopal churches of Southern California. The guild is under the presidency of Bishop Joseph Johnson with Reverends McCormack, Davidson and Learned as vice-presidents. This organization will produce a closer fel-

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a Gounod and Beethoven service for the evening of Ascension day, at St. Paul's pro-cathedral.

Quietly but diligently, Hans Linne is hammering away at the People's chorus project. At present, Mr. Linne reports the chorus rehearsing "Samson and Delilah," by Saint Saens, for performance May 21. The opera will be given in concert form with the following soloists: Minnie Hance, as Delilah, John Stockman has the role of Samson, Fred MacPherson, the High Priest, and Mr. Burns the part of Abimilech. Mr. Linne is enthusiastic as to the

results he is getting from his choruses between choirs, directors and organists, will assist to a higher standard of church music, and doubtless will result in offering in semi-concert form examples of the best church service music, given by combined choirs. Ernest Douglas already has programmed and promises a performance with full orchestra, in a hall yet to be selected.

Jaime Overton, Los Angeles violinist in New York, has had a busy and successful season, closing with a performance with the Rubenstein Club, sailed for Europe April 20, for study until October.

Miss Lillian Adams, who has been one of the most consistent and least sensational of the Los Angeles piano instructors for several years, has found her work accumulating so extensively that she has formed the Lillian Adams Piano Academy and engaged several assistants. She now has two studios, one at 740 Marco Place, Venice, and the other in the Majestic Theater building.

San Diego symphony orchestra and festival chorus will give a big program May 26, at Spreckels theater.

Mrs. Dan Murphy, a member of the Symphony directorate, has just returned from New York and is greatly interested in the success of the seat sale reservation which is now going on. Many notable names are being received constantly on this list, and among those well known social leaders who have sent in their requests for seats within the last week may be mentioned Mrs. E. L. Doheny, Mrs. Dean Mason, Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. Wesley Clarke, General M. H. Sherman and Mrs. E. P. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farquhar, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Rathbun, Mrs. Chauncey L. Higbee, Mrs. J. B. Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Lott, and many others equally well known. Mrs. L. J. Selby, who is to leave this week for Europe, has been elected to the Symphony directorate and Mrs. Harmon Ryus, one of the leaders in the musical circles of the city, has been elected to the associate membership.

May 21 the People's chorus, under the leadership of Hans S. Linne, will offer Saint Saens' "Samson and Delilah." Minnie Hance will sing the part of Delilah, John Stockman that of Samson, Fred MacPherson, the High Priest, and Mr. Burns, Abimilech. It is promised the People's orchestra of thirty-five pieces will accompany the chorus. The performance may take place at the Auditorium.

Saturday night at the Morosco recital hall in the Majestic building occurred the opening recital of the Bona school of dramatic art and music. The faculty of this school lists a number of the most prominent musical and dramatic teachers in the city, as shown by the program, which included performances by the following: Alexander Karnbach, piano; Genevieve Smith, voice; Raoul Laparra, piano; Frederick Brueschweiler, piano and theory; Theodor Gordohn, violin; Helen B. Cooper, voice; S. Lora Bona, dramatic reading; Ludwig Opid, violincello. In addition to these, on the faculty are Edgar F. Vance, voice; Karl Becker, violin; Inah Fox, piano, and May Bettis, dancing. On this program there were given compositions by members of the faculty—songs by Mr. Laparra, who is a "Prix de Roma" winner of the Paris conservatory; violin and piano numbers by Mr. Brueschweiler; and songs by Alex. Karnbach. The music school idea is growing in Los Angeles and it is hoped this new venture will attain the financial success its artistic material warrants.

Phi Gamma Delta fraternity, of which Frank Norris was a member in his course at the University of California, holds an annual dinner in his honor.

Etchings in Prose. II--In the Park

By EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

ALL afternoon I have been abroad in the park. The wind of spring is upon the land and has blown a real breath of country fragrance across the lawn. The snow still lies in edgy patches about the terraces, but I fancied that here and there I caught the gleam of a tiny blade of yellow green springing from dead grass leaves. The snow birds are already rare and I am hourly expecting to meet up with a timid blue-bird or a venturesome robin-red-breast.

The great bulb beds—round, oblong, and crescent-shaped—are already showing signs of life beneath their brown blankets of leaf mold. Here and there the earth is lifted just enough for a tiny white leaf stock to peep out. Soon the delicate blue, pink and white crocus will nod to me as I pass by and later fragrant hyacinths and the robust tulip will be with us for a brief time. The life of a spring flower seems all too short. The pale spring-beauty and the modest Johnnie-jump-up are born but for a day and then fade. No doubt they obey a common law of plant life, fulfilling at once their little destiny and then falling to decay. The same flower never blooms again. The source of its life is unseen. Faithful root-mother, how willingly do you give your frail children to the spring!

The sky above me is crisp and blue, and billowy white clouds sail airily by like little boats on a wide river. O, they must sail very, very far! The ash and dog-wood trees seem to know that new life is about their feet. The sap is surely rising in their bare bodies, for they shake their limbs like young lambs. Soon they will give birth to a great family of tiny leaves. How lovely is a new-born leaf! So tender, so crumpled, and all sticky with natural sweetness. Too young are they to be green and too new to touch with the rough hand. The pussy willow is the happiest of mothers and the katkins on the elder trees sway like temple bells in the wind. If you listen closely you may be able to hear them jingle. The thorn tree greets me with three snowy blossoms on the tip end of a twisted twig. The arrangement is as decorative as a Japanese drawing and far more expressive of nature's emotions.

To-day I tried not to notice the stately iron gates as I entered the maze of walks, but it was impossible to conceal my emotion. They have but recently been painted a vivid green and they hang their heads in shame. They appear so new and yet we all know that in reality they are very, very old. It must be a rare thing to be old and yet few of us can see the beauty of old age. The Park gates have lived a hundred useful, abundant years. They have experiences. They must feel a close relationship with the growing city about them. Character and personality come only with full development and I have always been so interested in the character of immediate objects that I must come one day to write on the theme.

The long gravel paths are white and clean after the spring rain and none would dream that thousands of human feet had smoothed their surface. They wind in and out between low borders of budding box-wood that soon will again demand the gardener's ceaseless shears. Clip, clip, and snip, from morn until dewfall. The gardener must be watchful and diligent when he wages war on mother nature.

I linger long by the fountain. It still sleeps and I fancy its waters are far, far away. Of course, you are reasonable and know that only the engine that propels the pumps is silent during the winter cold, but it is much more important to think differently. To be able to place the source of the fountain where its picturesque accessories are the most acute is the chief purpose of

my life at this particular moment and I choose to see them deep, deep down in a blue and crystal grotto all shining and mystic—haunted by sly, slim nymphs with coral wreaths in their hair and lithe, laughing mermen with crisp, brown locks and strong young arms. The sculptured figures that stand cold and nude about the basin are less real to me than the water gods and fairy folk beneath the pavement, yet I know that they are expressions of life that was, that is, and that ever shall be.

Here and there upon their marble pedestals stand the busts of the great who have lived and the ideal who will ever live while art is the one truth. I am on friendly terms with all of these marble people. The great men speak to me as I pass, for I have met them in vellum and full-morocco upon my book shelves. "Cupid and Psyche" belong to me as much as they did to the age that gave them place. The "Angry Cupid" is angry only because the sculptor willed him to be and was no doubt the sweetest little Florentine lad that ever lived. "The Goose Girl" minds her boisterous flock and "Pan" pipes merrily to a rollicking lamb, unmindful of a bare rose tree that spring winds whip about his naked little body. In a few words the same tantalizing shrub will weave a lovely background of green leaves and pink blossoms for the rougish elf and the graceful outlines of his boyish limbs will vie in beauty with nature's perfect drawing.

The long stone benches beneath the trees invite me to linger in the crisp young weather, but I find that I have taken more than my share for one day from nature's store-house of beauty and useful goodness. I pause a moment as I pass the sun-dial. It is of little service now, even when the sun is bright, for commercialism has outgrown art and the town clock may not be a work of merit or charm, but it has the prowess of utilitarianism. The ivy clings lovingly to the base of the old dial and on the sculptured pedestal are represented the four seasons, all done very cunningly in high relief. On the whole, I find a message here that seems more important for the moment than the expression of time on the face of the clock in the tower across the way. One tells me that I am akin to all the out-of-door world and to art in general, and the other that tea is ready to serve and that Lady Althea is growing impatient, and that the leaves of The Review have not yet been cut.

Violets

Welcome, maids of honor!
You doe bring
In the spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many
Fresh and faire;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Y' are the maiden posies,
And so grac't,
To be plac't
'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By and by
Ye doe lie,
Poore girlies! neglected.

—ROBERT HERRICK.

Zane Grey's "The Heritage of the Desert" and "Riders of the Purple Sage" are both being dramatized and are to have stage presentation next year.

Hulbert Footner's "Jack Chanty" is being dramatized by Joseph Byron Tuttle. Mr. Footner, who has lately finished a new novel of the Canadian Northwest, is now in New York.

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An Hour With Charles Wakefield Cadman

By RANDOLPH BARTLETT.

Think of Liszt, with his long, flowing, white hair as he is usually pictured; think of Beethoven with his shaggy locks; think of Richard Wagner with his "old master" appearance; can you imagine them writing such music as "The Land of the Sky Blue Water," and the other Indian lyrics which have made famous Charles Wakefield Cadman, within less than a decade? The old pictures do not harmonize. One of the principal pleasures of the interviewer of noted men is trying to draw their portraits in advance—you never can rely upon published photographs—and comparing them with the originals. Knowing Cadman principally through his earlier Indian compositions, I had thought of a big, outdoors sort of man, affecting the red bandana around his neck and a sombrero type of costume. He would naturally be a bit slouchy in appearance because of overmuch association with the aborigines, though there naturally would be a touch of delicacy in the details, probably expressed in the hands and a sensitive mouth.

Everything was wrong. Charles Wakefield Cadman is just a young American, intensely human, not affecting to conceal his tremendous enthusiasm, not pretending modesty yet not boastful, but simply delighted with what success he has had. His hair is just the right length and his garments are just like those of everyone else. Yet the divine fire is manifest every moment, but solely through the medium of his dynamic energy. He talks like a machine gun and is always on a hair trigger. Suggest the subject and he is off like a shot. You catch his point and interpose a remark that shows you understand.

"That's it, that's it," he sparkles, and with a flicking motion of his fingers intimates that the matter is settled.

Mr. Cadman is not thirty-three years old, yet already he has won a place as one of the foremost of the American composers, MacDowell alone of the better known musicians in this country having concentrated to the same degree upon producing music which would express, so far as melody and harmony may, the fundamentals of the spirit of the new world.

So much by way of introduction to a little journey to the present abiding place of Charles Wakefield Cadman, of Pittsburg, Pa., Estes Park, Colo., and Pasadena, Cal. It was at the latter home I saw him, a roomy mansion on St. Johns avenue, where he and his mother are living until the middle of June. Here he is attending to the multifarious duties of chairman of the program committee of the convention of the National Federation of Musical Clubs, to be held in Los Angeles next year, and, musicians will be surprised to learn, completing an opera on which he has been at work since 1909.

I had called upon him to learn what was being done concerning the 1915 musical festival, but soon both of us forgot that in talking about this opera. Strictly speaking, the work has been completed about a year, and it is now only a piano arrangement of the score that is being transcribed. The history of the composition is interesting:

"My publishers," Mr. Cadman said, "submitted it to the Boston Opera company. I had several conferences with Mr. Russell, explaining my work, and he seemed impressed. He said he would recommend consideration to the directors of the company. It was considerable of a surprise, therefore, to be told that the opera could not be considered from the orchestral score, but I would have to send a piano score to pass the first fortifications."

This has resulted in a delay of more than a year, and merely as a layman I

would suggest that it is a sign of either rank incompetence, or pure laziness on the part of an operatic organization, not to be able to judge the merits of a composition from the director's score, with a full orchestration.

One result of the delay, however, probably will be the submission of the work in the contest for the \$10,000 prize at the Los Angeles festival next year. Of course this is something which cannot be announced, as strict anonymity is being enforced. The libretto is by Mrs. Nellie Richmond Eberhart, from an Indian story by Francis La Flesche, son of the present hereditary chief of the Omaha tribe of Indians. The tale is true in all its essentials and in the score Mr. Cadman has made use of forty-six distinct Indian themes. He speaks of the composition thus:

"In this composition I have taken the Indian music and made use of it in a strictly logical manner. You must know, of course, my earlier Indian songs were the result of a purely academic study of aboriginal music. They have the native effect, but the treatment is purely academic. In the opera I have used the Indian scale, and have been consistent throughout. Of course I have not used the Indian scale all the time, but wherever the theme so demanded I have been true to the tradition. Now this does not mean that the minor keys predominate. It is a mistaken idea that all Indian music is minor. Many of their songs are in a robust major, but with their scale there is a plaintive effect or undertone, no matter whether the key is major or minor. We get something the same result from the key of G flat major in our own scale, and you always see the composers rush for that key when they want to get an effect of wistfulness, without being lugubrious."

These ideas Mr. Cadman illustrated by the use of a simple looking wooden instrument, a hybrid between the flute and the flageolet, having a tone something like the former but mellower, and played in a manner similar to the latter. With this instrument and a piano, Mr. Cadman demonstrated that the Indian melody could be harmonized into an operatic passage, without losing its folk value. From what I heard of the melodies and from what Mr. Cadman told of the orchestral treatment, I believe this opera will have all the tunefulness of the best Puccini works, together with a freshness that should make it the first great American grand opera.

Next week Mr. Carman will have conferences with David Bispham, who will be playing an engagement at the Orpheum, Mr. Bispham being a member of the program committee for the coming festival also. The plans are progressing rapidly, and it is to be a wonderful event. In all accounts of the affair the opera contest has overshadowed the other features, but there are other contests almost equally attractive. For instance, a "Good Music Sunday" is to be held with the cooperation of the churches, and nothing but sacred music by American composers will be given that day. A catalogue of compositions is being prepared, graded so that everyone from the organist in the little chapel which does not even boast a choir, to the musical director in the biggest cathedral, will have no difficulty in finding something suitable for the occasion, regardless of denomination.

Then there will be the Brush Memorial Prize for the best anthem, a prize for the best symphonic or symphonic tone poem, for chamber music, for a cantata for children's voices, and so on. The Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Adolph Tandler will be used to present the programs, each composer conducting

his own work, although the preliminary rehearsals will be conducted by Mr. Tandler.

Mr. Cadman says he is methodical in his work, but in nothing else. He has set June 15 as the date for the completion of the piano score of his opera, and June 17 as the date for his departure from Pasadena for his cabin in the mountains near Estes Park, Colorado. This cabin has an interesting history, as I learned when we were speaking of the rewards of public recognition.

"Yes, the royalties are coming in with pleasing regularity now," the young composer said. "This cabin," producing a photograph, "was built from the royalties of 'At Dawning.'"

The photograph interested me. I had bought a copy of the song.

"Well, you may consider yourself possessor of a proprietary interest in that veranda post," said Mr. Cadman. "Your copy gave me five cents."

Considering that the entire cabin was built from these five-cent royalties, the popularity of the Cadman song may be imagined. But if Mr. Cadman is desirous of collecting homes, I venture to say that the one he will build from the royalties of his opera will, if he cares for that sort of thing, be an Oak Knoll mansion.

Norway's Centennial Celebration

Chicago Record-Herald: There will be in Norway this month a mutual exchange of evidences of success, satisfaction and good will between those Norwegians who have emigrated to the United States and those who have remained at home. The occasion is the centennial celebration of Norway's independence of Denmark, together with the observance of the hundredth year of peace among the Scandinavian countries. The Norwegian-Americans will fully hold up their own end. Thousands of them, in chartered steamers, will cross or recross for the occasion, with their bands and choruses, ready to greet the exhibition which, opening May 15, will show the progress of the mother country; to demonstrate, in a pavilion of their own, the life they lead in the land of their adoption; to present, on behalf of the state of North Dakota, a statue of Abraham Lincoln to the city of Christiania; to celebrate the Fourth of July in approved latter-day American fashion, and to participate in a long series of banquets, receptions and other ceremonial observances. A celebration like this is all to the good. It will serve to keep in the minds of such western Norwegians as tend to be carried away by the stir and prosperity of their new home an abiding sense of their virile race and their rugged land. Also, it will demonstrate to their homekeeping brothers the sort of future that awaits them here whenever they see fit to make the transfer. The "experience meeting" between the two Norways cannot but result in benefit to both sides.

Canon Hannay ("G. A. Birmingham") will soon publish a volume of impressions acquired in his visit last winter to America. It will be called "From Connaught to Chicago."

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
March 30, 1913.

012937. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Felipe Neris Valenzuela, of Santa Monica, California, who, on April 28, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 012937, for N $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 27, S $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 11th day of May, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Frank Miller, C. O. Montague, Frank Stirt, Charles Fannetti, all of Santa Monica, California. FRANK BUREN, Register.

Brownson House Annual Fête

Of interest among the society events planned for the month will be the Annual May Fête of the Brownson House Association which is to be given Saturday, May 23, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Workman, 357 South Boyle avenue. This will be the third entertainment of its kind which these settlement workers have given in the interest of the Brownson House and it is planned this year to surpass all previous efforts, both in a social and a financial way. Elaborate preparations are being made for the affair and in addition to the music, dancing and refreshments, a splendid vaudeville program will be presented throughout the afternoon and evening. Officers of the Brownson House Settlement Association who will be in direct charge of the entertainment are Miss Mary J. Workman, president; Miss Nora Desmond, first vice-president; Mrs. Charles L. Whipple, second vice president; Miss Mary T. Devin, secretary, and Miss Rose Bernard, treasurer. Those in charge of the various features and details include Mrs. Arnold Burkeman, Miss Helen Babbitt, Miss Nell Reardon, Mrs. A. J. Aicher, Miss Mildred Callaghan, Miss Mary T. Devin, Mrs. L. A. Cartier, Mrs. Joseph Boylson, Mrs. Charles L. Whipple, Miss Gertrude Workman, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bayer, Miss Clementine Griffin, Miss Clara Forgeson, Miss Mary Bernard, Mrs. W. H. Workman, Mrs. W. H. Workman, Mrs. W. H. Workman, Jr., and Mrs. Henry W. Keller.

Dobbins' Day Is Not Done

Detroit Free Press: Beyond question the automobile is the transportation vehicle of today and of tomorrow as well. The airship may some day compete with it in carrying passengers. But for land travel there is no competitor in sight worth the name. The horse and the mule have been largely superseded. Yet it is a peculiar fact that so far from being made useless and comparatively valueless by the automobile, the horse and the mule are increasing in value. This is revealed in a bulletin recently issued by the department of agriculture. This document gives estimates of 20,962,000 horses and 4,449,000 mules in the United States on January 1 last. The horses were valued at \$2,291,628,000 and the mules at \$551,017,000. The census of 1910 gave the average value of horses on farms in the United States to be \$108.03 each; now it is \$120.20 each. These statistics show that the mule is increasing in value faster than the horse. Evidently the much-slandered mule is becoming better understood and appreciated. He is healthier than the horse, lives longer—who ever saw a dead mule off a battlefield?—and is cheaper to maintain. But as the mule gains the horse is not losing. Competition of the automobile has evidently been a good thing. For if the horse has increased in value in spite of it, without it he would long since have reached a price putting his ownership far out of reach of persons of ordinary means.

No War Without the Mule

New York World: Announcement of the dispatch of mules to Mexico does not impress the imagination like a dispatch of warships. One Dreadnought carries more of pomp and circumstance than does any number of mules; yet in Mexico is the mule the more important war-maker of the two. If the campaign opens widely and our troops leave the cities by the sea to enter upon the mountain-climbing marches toward Mexico, it will be the mule that will carry the munitions and the howitzers and the baggage. He will tread with safety the narrow trails along the side of precipices, he will drag the heavy guns up the steep heights, he will share in the battles, and then he will haul the wounded to the hospitals. Along all the frontiers of the world, wherever there is a war there is a demand for the mule.



Social & Personal

At a large luncheon Thursday at the home of Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, 8 Chester place, Los Angeles, the engagement of Miss Lucy Smith of Pasadena, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith of Columbia street, to Mr. Edward Lawrence Doheny, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Doheny, was announced. The wedding will take place June 10 at the Smith home, and will be a quiet ceremony to be performed at 8:30 o'clock in the evening. Mrs. Anson Lisk, sister of the bride, will attend her, and her brother, Mr. Warren Smith, will be best man. Little Laura Ann Lisk, the small daughter of Mrs. Lisk, will be the flower girl. Both Miss Smith and her fiance are socially prominent in Los Angeles and Pasadena. Two years ago Miss Smith traveled abroad with the Dohenys and prior to that time attended school here. Mr. Doheny attended Stanford and is now engaged in geological study at the University of Southern California. Miss Smith is to be the guest of honor at many affairs to be given for her prior to her marriage. Among the first to entertain will be Mrs. Anson Lisk and Mrs. J. Clark Smith, the latter formerly Miss Mamie Nimock, a bride of several months. They issued invitations today for a tea to be given May 20 at the home of Mrs. Lisk on the Doheny ranch near Beverly Hills. Mrs. John Milner of Beverly Square, Los Angeles, will entertain the day following with a luncheon for Miss Smith, and May 23 Miss Madeline Harris will be hostess at an affair to be given the bride-elect.

One of the most enjoyable affairs of the week will be the supper and dance to which Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow have invited about two hundred society folk for this evening. The affair will be given at the Barlows' country place near the mountains of Sierra Madre. Supper will be served from tables arranged among the big trees on the lawn and later in the evening dancing on the tennis court will be the entertainment.

Of interest to many friends was the announcement of the engagement of Miss Julia Derby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Derby of 1145 Ingraham street, to Dr. Austin H. Parker of Pasadena. The betrothal was made known Monday afternoon at an affair of which Miss Mary Burnham of 401 Kingsley Drive was hostess. Miss Derby is a Marlborough graduate. No date for the wedding is announced, but it probably will be an early summer event.

One of the most delightful of the future society affairs will be the garden tea which Mrs. J. B. Lippincott will give within the fortnight at her home, 1256 West Adams street. The entertainment will be in compliment to Mr. Bruce Nelson, of Monterey, who is visiting in Los Angeles during the time that an exhibit of his paintings is being given. Invitations for the afternoon will be issued soon and the affair is to be an informal one. Among those who will assist Mrs. Lippincott will be Mmes. Allan C. Balch, West Hughes, Sumner Hunt, Hugh L. Macneil, Hancock Banning, Willoughby Rodman, Sinsabaugh, David McCann and Messrs. F. B. Blanchard, Rosenheim and John W. Mitchell, of the Municipal Art League.

Several prominent society folk of this city were among the privileged guests at the "Ball of All Nations" which was given last Saturday evening in the Palace of Machinery on the exposition grounds in San Francisco. This magnificent building is one of the most wonderful of those erected for

the 1915 event and its vast floor space allowed for much enjoyment in dancing. Among the Los Angelans who went north for the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Mines and Miss Annie Andrews, all of whom were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., who made the trip from San Diego in their private car.

Mrs. William D. Stephens has returned from Washington, D. C., and is domiciled again in her home on West Twenty-eighth street. She was accompanied home by her daughter, Mrs. Randolph Talcott Zane, who will be her guest in the absence of Lieutenant Zane who is on duty in Mexico with the United States battleships.

At a daintily appointed luncheon to be given this afternoon by Miss Mary Grant of 606 South Bonnie Brae, in honor of Miss Eleanor Sutch whose engagement to Mr. Norman Jack has been announced, a second betrothal will be made known. In the serving of the last course of the luncheon, tiny Kewpie dolls will disclose the engagement of the hostess to Mr. John Healy. The marriage of Miss Sutch and Mr. Jack has been announced for May 19.

Plans already are being made by Los Angeles society leaders toward the usual summer exodus to the various sea and mountain pleasure resorts. Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning will pass two or three months in their beautiful cottage at Descanso Canyon, Santa Catalina Island. Alterations are being made now in the home in preparation for its occupancy the summer months, and as is customary each season, the cottage will be the scene of many enjoyable house parties.

Mrs. E. F. Wilcox of 2957 Halldale avenue presided as hostess at an informal dinner party given at her home Thursday evening. The decorations were particularly artistic and the table was embowered with fragrant roses and ferns. The centerpiece was a large silver bowl filled with Cecile Brunner roses. Guests included Miss Alice Middleton, Mademoiselle Marguerite Roussyrol, Mr. Raymond Gould, Mr. Hugo Steinkopff and Dr. Joseph L. Choate.

Among the hosts and hostesses of the week were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lee, who have taken the Nat Wilshire home at 2533 Fourth avenue for the summer. At a prettily appointed dinner Tuesday evening their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Kerckhoff, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Schweppe, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark and Mr. H. C. Nutt.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brewer of 1433 South Union avenue of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Phyllis Brewer, to Mr. Stannard Ambrose McNeill, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McNeil of 1315 South Figueroa street. Mr. McNeil who is a young lawyer of the city, is a brother of Dr. Harvey Gordon McNeil.

Mrs. John H. Norton who has been in New York for several months, will sail May 30 for Europe. In Paris she plans to meet her daughter, Mrs. Francis Gage, who following a trip around the world, is at present visiting in London as the guest of a cousin. Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Gage will travel together upon the continent, later returning to New York.

Count and Mrs. Jaro von Schmidt who have been the recipients of much social attention prior to their departure for Austria, were the guests of honor Tuesday evening at a dinner and reception given by Dr. and Mrs. Ernest

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An official-looking black silk cord the setting for a medallion of rhinestones; heavy chains in black and white effects that extend below the knee—Pearl and Jet Newness.

A. Bryant of 904 West Twenty-eighth street. Sixteen guests were bidden for the dinner and later in the evening about seventy five other friends of the prospective travelers came in to wish them "bon voyage." Count and Mrs. von Schmidt left Thursday and their sailing date is May 16. They will be much missed in local society circles, having for many years been popular in the ultra fashionable set. Their stay in Europe will be indefinite and it is not improbable that they will make their future home there.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis H. Booth and their little son who returned last week from their South American trip, are again occupying their home at 1010 Magnolia avenue.

Miss Sally McFarland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland of West Twenty-third street, has decided upon Wednesday, June 3, as the date for her marriage to Mr. Paul Grimm. The ceremony will take place at St. John's Church and will be one of the most interesting of the June weddings.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hicks of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Dean Mason will entertain informally Sunday afternoon, May 17, from 4 to 6 o'clock at their home on Andrews boulevard.

Society folk are taking special interest in the preparations for the costume ball to be given at the home of Captain Banning, Thirty-first and Hoover street, next Tuesday. The affair is planned in behalf of the Los Angeles Orphans' Home, the proceeds to be expended in furnishing a cottage at Manhattan Beach where the boys and girls may enjoy a few weeks' outing in the summer months. One of the principal features of the occasion will be the "Evolution of Dancing" which the members of the Amateur Players' Club will present. Officers and directors of the latter organization who are interested in the event are Mmes. Hancock Banning, Michael J. Connell, Roy

Jones, Horace Wing, James Souter Porter, Allan C. Balch, William May Garland, L. N. Brunswig, Ernest A. Bryant, Willoughby Rodman, Joseph F. Sartori, Richard J. Schweppe, Fielding J. Stilson, Russell McD. Taylor, Guy Cochran, Robert Farquhar, Wesley Clark, West Hughes, Sumner Hunt, Henry S. Van Dyke, Sidney I. Wailes, Miss Caroline Van Dyke and Miss Inez Clark. Officers and members of the Auxiliary are Misses Daphne Drake, Katherine Johnson, Marjorie Ramsey, Aileen McCarthy, Ruth Powell, Evangeline Duque, Katherine Barbour, Dorothy Greaves, Helen Jones, Margaret Dyer, Elizabeth Brant, Helen Duque, Alice Elliott, Ruth Grant, Adeline Duque, Amy Busch, Constance Byrne, Florence Greaves, Louise Fleming, Louise Hunt, Mary Hughes, Gertrude Hanna, Florence Clark, Mrs. Joy Clark, Mrs. Harry Borden and Mrs. Haenke.

Judge and Mrs. Wheaton A. Gray of Kingsley Drive have as their house guests their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Chester William Judson who have just returned from an extensive wedding trip in Europe. Mrs. Judson will be remembered as Miss Evangeline Gray. The visitors will remain here about a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney I. Wailes of 1365 West Adams street, with their little daughter, Miss Eleanor Wailes, will leave today for Santa Monica where they plan to pass the summer months.

Mrs. J. Lockwood Harrington of 914 South Alverno street was hostess Friday at an informal tea party given at her home. She was assisted by Mrs. G. Alexander Bobrick, Mrs. Turner E. Weatherbolt and Mrs. Jacob Hanst.

Mrs. Gustave Knecht, who with her small son, Master Gustave Knecht, Jr., has been visiting for the last two months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Lindley of Menlo avenue, will

(Continued on page eleven)



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK:
Bruce Nelson—Reynolds Gallery.
American and European Painters—Mu-
seum Art Gallery.
Senefelder Club—Museum Art Gallery.
Wm. Lees Judson—Steckel Gallery.

It has been truly said that man's most interesting study is man. The human animal presents an ever increasing interest to the serious student of psychology and no less potent are these phenomena to the figure painter. What would there be of art without the sculptor, the genre painter, and the portrait artist? Sculpture is the highest form of art and its fulfillment depends entirely upon the life model. Without human interest the genre canvas could not be, and of what value to art or to society is a portrait rendering that lacks character delineation? The portrait painter who puts upon canvas a mere outward likeness has no claim to his exalted title. The painter of figures who cannot see beyond the visible form lacks the best spirit of his craft and no work in bronze or marble that does not suggest human emotion and life-experience is entitled to a lasting place in the art achievements of the world. As it is in art so is it in music, literature, and the drama. Without the self-expression of the musician the composition is a sad thing and who can conceive of an essay or a novel minus the exposition of the soul of the genius that produced it? In drama most of all do we need the human element, for, pray tell, how may a marionette hold the mirror up to nature?

* * *

Henrietta M. Shore is a figure painter in the best sense of the word. No one who has studied her remarkable studio canvases can doubt the fact. I use the term "studio canvases" advisedly, for I feel confident that the work that Miss Shore has been showing for the last two weeks at the Merrick Reynolds gallery was painted to please herself. Several of the most revealing works are nothing more or less than quick sketches, color notes from life—impressions of expressions. I am more at ease with these little chapters of life than I am with some of the big show pieces. To me they tell a truer tale and express a finer intuition. I am convinced that Miss Shore is a painter with a mission. That is to say, she has a new thing to say in art and is not afraid to say it. She may be, and doubtless is, gravely misunderstood, but that, I am bound to say, is very much in her favor. We need more painters like Miss Shore in the west. As a painter of figures she is an excellent running mate for Helena Dunlap. Miss Shore has not the unique individuality of Miss Dunlap, but she draws, models, and paints in the same intellectual manner. The canvases of both women make you think, and think hard. This may be a severe shock to the dear art enthusiast who "just loves art." The person who "just loves art" thinks as a rule that art means painting a picture. Art means nothing of the kind. Art means thinking a picture, feeling a picture, and expressing an emotion. Art cannot approach nature more than fifty per cent, and the chief aim of art is not to portray nature but to interpret it. What do I care how this may be done? One may do it one way, one another. I like the work of Botticelli, Hokasi, Manet, Gauguin, Whistler, Davies, and Sarolla. They have all arrived at the same destination, but all traveled devious routes. I care not a whit what road they traveled.

* * *

It should make slight difference how Miss Shore reached her present goal, and I am forced to admit that her work is yet strongly reminiscent of the masters. In "Women in Black" we feel much of Wm. Chase, and Robert Henri speaks from the canvas called "Woman with Gold-Fish," "Portrait" and "Ready for Fun." The chief charm of Miss Shore's work lies in its mental appeal and its marked individuality. She paints with a heavy hand, a full, free brush, and many of her strongest effects are reached by extreme color contrasts and sheer force of handling. Light and air play a minor part in her scheme, yet the want of these essentials is not felt. Textures are rendered with remarkable discernment. Much of Miss Shore's power lies in her psychological insight into human character. Her work is a disclosure of the soul and as such is worthy of much study. She chooses to paint plain children and women who are neither young nor beautiful. There is a minor key throughout all her work, a hint of disappointment, disillusionment, the tragedy of hopes unfulfilled and promises never kept. Time and condition are elements that enter in and stamp an unique seal on the women in the frames. You feel the elemental in its real force and no amount of courage can stand against the cycle of time and change. One would almost accuse Miss Shore of being a fatalist were it not for the happy manner she reserves for her child studies. She has chosen demure little models with wondering eyes and healthy bodies. She weaves about them the innocent romance of childhood, the beauty of faith and the clean vision of the unspoiled. Perhaps her youngsters are too thoughtful and an over-thoughtful child makes the heart sad. "Sisters" is the show piece of the collection and is a big canvas in more ways than one. There is a certain spiritual beauty about "Little Girl in Green" which convinces me that Miss Shore possesses the real spark and that her work is always far forward in the grand march toward the goal of success.

* * *

Owing to extensive alterations at the Museum Gallery of Fine Arts, the exhibition of artistic lithographs by members of the Senefelder Club that was scheduled to open Friday of last week did not open until yesterday. The glass cases in the main art gallery have been removed, which improves the general effect of the room a hundred per cent and makes it possible to utilize the floor space for real art purposes. The hand-painted china, pottery, and books have been placed in the Arts and Crafts room where they rightfully belong and the whole general scheme is vastly improved. The main gallery will be given over to statuary groups arranged in masses of potted bay trees, bamboo, and native eucalyptus. At present, the floor space is monopolized by the new print screens upon which the sixty-six prints from the Senefelder Club are hung to advantage. The following noted artists are represented in this collection: Anthony R. Barker, Harry Becker, Frank Brangwyn, Mary Creighton, Ethel Gabain, J. McLure Hamilton, E. A. Hope, Harold Percival, Mary Sargent-Florence, Claude A. Shepardson, G. Spencer-Pryse, and Daniel A. Wehrschmidt. Artistically, this is one of the most finished collections of

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MISS LANE GOWNS

FOURTH FLOOR
733 BROADWAY

Social and Personal
(Continued from page ten)

leave Sunday with Mr. Knecht for their home in San Francisco. They will remain in the northern city a week before returning for their little son, who in their absence will stay with his grandparents.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood and their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Wood, with Mrs. W. H. Perry of 20 St. James Park, are at the Beverly Hills Hotel for an indefinite stay. They will be joined soon by Mr. and Mrs. Joy Clark.

Mrs. Fowler Shankland and Mrs. Curtis Williams will be hostesses at a tea party to be given May 15 at the home of Mrs. Williams, 2257 Hobart boulevard.

Mr. J. F. Sartori, president of the Security Trust and Savings Bank, who has been attending the council meeting of the American Bankers' Association at Hot Springs, Va., left Saturday for several months' trip abroad. Mr. Sartori sailed from New York Saturday. He plans to visit the famous baths at Wiesbaden, Germany.

Senator and Mrs. Eugene S. Ives of Shorb are at Tucson for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bishop have sold their home on West Adams street, and pending the building of their new place at Beverly are guests at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Judge and Mrs. Olin Wellborn and son, Mr. Olin Wellborn, Jr., are located at Beverly, planning to make their permanent home in that neighborhood.

Miss Katherine Barbour, daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. H. Barbour of West Twenty-eighth street, left recently for San Francisco, from where she will motor to the home of a friend for a stay of a month or longer.

Mrs. August Freise and her daughter, Miss Kate Freise, who have been traveling in Europe, are now in Austria where they are visiting with Mrs. Freise's daughter, the Princess Sulkowsky.

Mrs. Valentine Peyton and her daughter, Miss Marybelle Peyton, are visiting in Spokane.

Miss Virginia Walsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walsh of Harvard boulevard, is expected to return home next week from a pleasant sojourn in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hastings Rindge have returned from a short motor trip. They were guests for a few days at the Glenwood Mission Inn at Riverside.

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Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

It is like welcoming old friends after long absence to witness the production of "Stop Thief" at the Burbank this week. It has been a long time since patrons of this popular playhouse have had the felicity of watching their old favorites do a good comedy in the capable manner for which they were once famed. But in "Stop Thief" the organization strikes its old pace, and gives a brisk, speedy, well-rounded production of a clever melodramatic farce. "Stop Thief" in itself has many claims to public favor. It is one of

strayed in to tempt the good resolutions of a masculine household. Winifred Bryson is as superlatively good to look upon as the bride as she is atrociously bad in her acting, and Grace Travers gets a great deal out of a minor role. Florence Oberle makes a delightful old lady, and James K. Applebee's pathetic picture of the old father is one of the best things he has done. Walter Catlett already has the Burbank contingent trained to the point where they laugh at his least action—even when he goes up in his lines and leaves the situation stranded.

will probably draw bigger houses to the Majestic this week than any of the "highbrow" productions have attracted all winner. But even New York must be tired of the songs and the patter which make capital of Rector's and Sherry's and Child's, and all the other eating places of the gay big burg. That sort of thing has been done until it is frazzled, and it is time to rise up and protest. Of course, it gives the poor westerner an opportunity to roll the names on his tongue with the familiarity of a real Manhattanese, but even this fails in becoming the ultimate of the absolute. In "The Passing Show" of 1913, if the advertisements of everything from gin to cigarettes, and the recitation of the charms of all the eating places in New York were eliminated, it is to be feared there would be little dialogue and fewer songs. There is a large company, and a large chorus. Incidentally, that chorus contains a number of real feminine beauties, not the sort the press agent sighs about, but the kind that look well from the front row. They are dressed mostly in their

lie King and Charles King do most of the dancing, but there is an interpolation by Laura Hamilton and Teddy Wing that proves the terpsichorean sensation of the evening. There are innumerable features, innumerable effects—a sort of theatrical hash without the boarding house flavor.

Good Bill at the Orpheum

There is more enjoyment to be found in the clean-cut grace of a Chinese troupe of acrobats and tumblers at the Orpheum this week than in the entire bill, unless it be the feats of Kartelli, the wire walker. They are brawny creatures of a wonderful muscular development, symmetrical as statues, and with faces of unusual intelligence. There is neither display nor pomp, nor any efforts at cheap comedy, but a swift, clean act that is enjoyable from beginning to end. Clara Inge is a pretty little girl, full of charm, a sort of predestined ingenue. Her "bear" story is deliciously quaint, and if a kindly manager would select songs suited to her ingenuous type, she should be a headliner in time. As it is, her songs do not suit her personality and thus rob her of her chance of "getting over" big. Kartelli does weird and daring things on a wire, and H. M. Zazell and company bore the onlookers to extinction in a pantomime sketch. Charles Nevins and Ada Gordon would not rob the theatrical world of any treasures by disappearing entirely. The house seems to like Johnny Ray, and it probably is a matter of personal taste. More of the male quartet and less of Johnny would seem pleasing to many, however. Bill Pruitt holds over, as does Olga Nethersole.

Offerings For Next Week

"Mr. Aladdin," a new comedy-drama of contemporaneous metropolitan life, will be made known for the first time at the Majestic theater Sunday night. There will be only one matinee in the week's engagement—Saturday afternoon. "Mr. Aladdin" is by Thomas H. Ince and W. H. Clifford. They have seized upon the idea that it is much better for a young man to sow his crop of wild oats before marriage than after, and it is said that out of this story they have woven a play abounding in strong situations and novel incidents. There is a strong element in "Mr. Aladdin." The interpreting company includes such well known players as Walter Edwards, Arthur L. Jarrett, Frank Burke, George Osborne, Walter Belasco, Reginald Barker, J. Barney Sherry, Florence Malone, Aileen Flaven, Mary Mersch, Fannie Midgley, Ramona Radcliffe, Enid Markey, and a dozen others.

Proving to be the best production the Burbank company has presented this year, and meeting with instant approval from its first big audience and also from every dramatic critic in Los Angeles, "Stop Thief" will begin the second week of its run Sunday afternoon. Selma Paley, as Neil Jones, and Forrest Stanley as Jack Doogan, the clever crooks who lead the play, Walter Catlett, Grace Travers, James K. Applebee, and other favorites of the Burbank company are giving excellent characterizations, and the farce is moving at a laugh-a-minute rate. "Stop Thief" was a big hit in New York, where it was one of the farce successes of last season, and it was only recently that it appeared at one of the traveling houses here at two dollar prices. This is its first stock production, and is one of the best performances of the season.

Rock and Fulton, with the big Gaiety production of "The Echo," are enjoying unusual success at the Morosco theater, and the third big week of this production will begin Monday evening. "The Echo" seems to enjoy greater popularity than any of the former favorites of the Gaiety company, to judge by the big demand for seats. William Rock, with his many song and dance numbers, and his droll humor, is appearing as a new type of bell boy;



ALICE EIS, IN "ROUGE ET NOIR" DANCE SPECIALTY AT THE ORPHEUM

the "crook" plays which have struck so responsive a chord, its leading man and woman being thieves; it has several unexpected situations, and while consistency of action often is forgotten, one does not expect such an ingredient in a farce. The author has used many expedients, old and new, to keep the pot boiling, and he succeeds to an unusual extent. While Forrest Stanley plays himself rather than Jack Doogan, the clever thief, he does it so pleasantly that no one minds the lapses of characterization. There is too much of the musical comedy parlor maid about Selma Paley, who is, however, the prettiest maid that ever

There are numerous small parts acceptably done. "Stop Thief" is worthy several weeks' stay at the Burbank. It is a refreshing interlude.

"Passing Show" at the Majestic

Although "The Passing Show" productions will always have their greatest vogue in the city which gives them birth—"deah old N'Yawk"—the "hinterlands" have a fondness for the fun and frivol of the productions, and not even soiled draperies, worn-out slippers, tights with "runs" in them and the other flaws in shopworn road productions can utterly destroy the flavor. And so "The Passing Show of 1913"

bare knees, and that interesting portion of their anatomy is worthy a dissertation from the facile pen of a master. It is amazing to find out the variety in knees, particularly without the kindly veiling of silken symmetricals. The feminine principals are mostly very pleasing to behold. Mollie King is a pretty red-headed thing, and Sadie Burt, a doll baby of a soubrette, is so brimming with magnetism that she holds the audience in the hollow of her chubby little hands from her first appearance. For sophisticated ingenuousness she is a genius. Laura Hamilton is another pretty creature, especially fetching as Buster Collier. Mol-

Maude Fulton has a big opportunity of which she avails herself; Kitty Doner in her microbe dance; Frances White, Henry Santley, Oscar Ragland, Alf Goulding, Mary Ambrose and the big dancing chorus have taken a strong hold on the Los Angeles public, and there is every indication that the production will remain with us for a lengthy run.

There are many unusual features on the Orpheum bill for the week opening with the Monday matinee. One of the new headliners is David Bispham, the American baritone, who is a favorite on the concert stage all over the country. His selections of ballads, songs, etc., give him a wide repertory to please his public, and his vaudeville engagement has proved a great success. He has Ward C. Lewis at the piano. In the dramatic field comes Theodore Roberts, America's great character actor, with a big company and a telling play, "The Sheriff of Shasta," a Bret Harte California play. As an exponent of the dance is Alice Eis, with Bert French. Miss Eis for months held the attention of New York with her sensational "Le Rouge et Noir," which is described as daring, alluring and exotic. Hilda Thomas and Lou Hall again offer their act of fun, "The Substitute," and holding over are John and Emma Ray, the Marvelous Manchurians, Kartelli, the wire wizard, and H. M. Zaxell company. The Hearst-Selig motion pictures and the orchestral concerts will be features of the bill, as usual.

"Frederick the Great," a beautiful historical romance which has been condensed into two parts, is the headliner at Miller's Ninth, Spring and Main street theater for the remainder of this week and Sunday. A cast of well known players headed by Barry O'Moore, Mary Fuller, Bliss Milford and Charles Ogle made this masterpiece which even surpasses that other great film "Mary Stuart" which was produced by the same company. To get the proper atmosphere a special visit was made to the palace of "Sans Souci," the old King's famous home at Potsdam. In addition to this there is a two reel Kalem that will please all entitled "The Stolen Rembrandt." It is filled to overflowing with exciting incidents and thrilling situations. Three good laughable comedies complete this first run bill of excellence. The musical program has been carefully arranged and follows the action on the screen with wonderful fidelity.

Wallis Students in Galsworthy's Plays

John Galsworthy and his plays have been receiving much attention at Wallis School of Dramatic Art in the last two months, following receipt of word from the English playwright granting special permission to produce "Joy" and "Justice" on the school stage at Gamut theater. "Joy," designated by the dramatists as a "play upon the letter 'T' in three acts," is in readiness for presentation next Monday evening by a student repertoire company, and like "The Pigeon" is a wonderful example of skillful character portrayal, dealing with a peculiar domestic situation. None of the characters really can be said to be subordinate, each being peculiarly distinctive. Mabelle Genieve Newton in the title role, Erle Cawthorne Kenton as Dick Merton, Joy's youthful lover, Burdell Jacobs as Colonel Hope, an easy-going old English gentleman, LeValle as Hon. Maurice Lever, Mrs. Gwynn's admirer, Jane Lyford as Mrs. Hope, Florencita Kesler as Peachy, the governess, Edna Mae Cooper as Rose, Lucille Way as Letty, and Earl Wakefield Clark as Ernest Blunt form a sincerely earnest and exceptionally strong student cast, of which several members have already become decided favorites for good work done in school plays.

Monsignor Benson, in a recent estimate of H. G. Wells as a writer of fiction, calls him "an almost perfect example of the balanced novelist."

California Artists Not Slighted

California artists who have been laboring under the misapprehension that the painters of this state will not be given a fair opportunity to have their work displayed at the 1915 Fair in San Francisco, will be reassured through the missionary work that has been done in this section this week by Robert D. Harshe, professor of art at Stanford and assistant chief of the fine arts committee of the Fair. Explaining the plan which has been adopted for selecting the pictures for the fine arts exhibit, Professor Harshe says in a letter to Mrs. F. H. Sears, of the Pasadena Music and Art Association:

"With the exception of a few individual works, all those shown in the department of fine arts will be subject to the action of various juries of selection, meeting in various parts of the United States. One will meet in San Francisco, of course, and the work of all California artists should be sent to this meeting point. California artists, both painters and sculptors, will receive exactly the same fair and impartial treatment which others will receive in every part of the country. In the trips I am making through California I am endeavoring to see the work of the artists and to encourage them in the direction to which they should turn for work for the Fair. A bulletin of information will be issued shortly, and will cover all these points, and it will go to all parts of the United States. Arthur Matthews of San Francisco, and William Wendt are both members of our western advisory board, the highest honor which we, as a department of fine arts, can pay them."

It was through a confusion of the department of fine arts with those of mural painting and architectural sculpture that the misapprehension arose. The latter department of the Fair has charge of the decorative work done for the exposition, with Jules Guerin at the head of mural painting and A. Sterling Calder of sculpture. To carry out the work laid out for them these two heads were permitted to select their own artists, and without exception they employed persons from outside they employed persons to the report that California artists were to be slighted entirely by the Fair. Professor Harshe has been taking great pains to explain that the department of fine arts has nothing to do with the purely construction work of the Fair, and is devoting all its attention to obtaining a representative display of art works from every part of the world. Professor Harshe himself has just returned from a trip around the world in search of pictures.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., May 6, 1914.

91175.

NOTICE is hereby given that Christ Brandt, of Calabasas, California, who, on November 19, 1910, made homestead entry, No. 01175, for N½ NW¼, SE¼ NW¼, Section 25, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 23rd day of June, 1914, at 9:00 a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Nine Zanetta Lacrod, of Topango, California; George Crosby Tucker, Charles Edwin Carroll, Perrin Sale Trowbridge, all of Calabasas, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., May 6, 1914.

Orig. 013491. Addn'l 015422. Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that James T. L. Harris of Westgate, California, who, on July 3, 1911, made homestead entry, No. 013491, for Lot 5, Sec. 31, Tp. 1 S., R. 18 W., S. B. M., and on April 28, 1912, made additional homestead entry No. 015422, for the N½ NE¼, Section 31, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. M., has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 25th day of June, 1914, at 9 a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Lewis K. Harris, of Westgate, Cal.; Jacob Horton, of Soldiers' Home, Cal.; Albert Q. Perry, of Westgate, Cal.; Ernest J. Douglas, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



Books

Those people who say owlishly that novels are poor things, that life is much more instructive, are rarely people of sufficient perception to learn from either. Of course, the fact is that novels, and let it be understood that I mean good novels, are the result of close observation of real life and imaginative reconstruction by men of unusual genius of laboriously collected data. It is notorious how little the ordinary man ever knows about the people he knows best. A hint here, a chance revelation there, a few unconnected facts without meaning, from such material only the flimsiest outlines of the character of our friends can we construct. And to the meagerness of data one must add the difficulty inhering in the unwillingness of the subject under examination. Men and women resent being clearly understood. Who is it that said, "We lie by nature, especially about ourselves?"

This is apropos of noticing the unusual construction of Joseph Conrad's last novel, "Chance." In it the collecting of chance bits of a life goes on before our eyes. One might call it the legal method of establishing facts. An older example of this in the sphere of art is that short story, "La Grande Breteche" by Balzac. Therein, the facts of the sinister tragedy are pieced together with the evidence of one witness after another till, with the story of the last, the full meaning of the tale bursts with overwhelming horror upon the reader. The tragedy was existent only in disconnected, meaningless and half-forgotten bits till the artist arrived to make them a story. And Conrad employs this unusual approach to his narrative. The method is cumbersome and one must allow for consequent slowness in the unfolding of plot, but in "Chance" the defect in movement is countervailed by the wise and cynical comments of Marlow, the narrator. Marlow has gone about the world with his eyes and ears open, and he has not only been able to piece together the remarkable events of the book, but is also eminently fitted to philosophize on them. Of women, especially, he seems to know many hidden things, and is playfully serious about them—pleasing attitude in a worldly-wise man. His suggestions are arresting, and may be true.

The story is concerned with a piteous, mistreated girl, "a white-faced wisp, ghost of all the sorrow in the world," and a too generous, too sensitive sea captain. The girl's father is the great de Barral, a promoter who went to smash and then to jail for seven years. The girl is left destitute, and is at first at the mercy of calculating relatives who hope that provision has secretly been made for her. From these she escapes to other hardships and is on the point of giving up when she is met by a Captain Anthony, brother of the woman who is harboring her temporarily. With him she elopes. The captain is deeply in love with her, but marries her out of generosity and a compelling need to protect the poor, unfriended child. And then,—fatal mistake, he is too quixotic to teach her to love him. He brings his bride and her convict father aboard and sets sail on a five months' voyage. De Barral, full of hate, is selfishly bent on recovering his daughter, and the proud, over-idealizing captain fights a losing game till chance sets things right. Melodrama there is, naturally, but character holds prevailing sway over the course of the novel. Each of the actors in the drama is vividly realized, and each is delightfully human.

The melodrama of chance in the action does not extend as with lesser storytellers to a distortion of character.

There is not much of the sea in this book, those who know Conrad as the unsurpassed interpreter of ships and sailors and the sea will be inclined to complain, but there is enough to lead those who do not know Conrad to his fine salty yarns that have made him great. For Conrad is great, as stylist, as student of character, and as story teller. ("Chance." By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page & Co.) C. J. K.

"What Will People Say?"

When one finishes, almost with a gasp, Rupert Hughes' new book, "What Will People Say?" the first thought is, how impossible it would have been to have placed such a book before the public a score of years ago. It is about that long since Daudet's "Sapho" was first given general circulation in this country, and what a storm there was! It was all but confiscated by the postal authorities, and libraries shunned it as they would have an unexpurgated edition of the "Decameron." Considerably later came "Three Weeks" and its imitators. Yet neither of these books is half so frank in its treatment of the liaison which is its excuse for being, as "What Will People Say?" Since the Robert Chambers vogue, "Sapho" and "Three Weeks" probably would fail to interest even a high school girl, and after plays like "The Traffic" and "The Lure," Mr. Hughes' novelization of certain phases of life among the inordinately rich of New York—the multimillionaire tango set—is quite decent.

Yet with all its sensations "What Will People Say" is not the sort of tale which leaves the reader with the impression that it was written first of all for the sake of the sensation. This is partly because Rupert Hughes is one of the greatest of the American craftsmen in the construction of stories, though this is by far the most important thing he has given the public and his reputation has been achieved largely by his contribution of short stories to the magazines. But, most of all, its people are real. Who, having ever been in places where the idle rich gather for amusement, has not seen Willie Emslee, Mrs. Neff, Winifred Mather, and all the others? They are types, distinctive, and drawn with the master hand. Mr. Hughes knows these people whose only thought, aside from the pleasure of the moment, is What shall be the diversion for the next moment? Without this intimacy his book would be sordid and banal; with it he has produced something akin to an epic, if one may use the term in connection with subject matter so ignoble.

The skeleton is commonplace, when stated in its fundamentals. The daughter of a railway manipulator who is on financial rocks, loves a poor army officer, but is afraid to marry him because she cannot entertain the thought of giving up the luxuries of life. Why, they couldn't even afford a runabout, to say nothing of a chauffeur to drive it, for the officer's pay is hardly more than that of the best chauffeurs. So the girl marries an insignificant runt whose wealth cannot be counted, and, later, deliberately draws the army officer into an intrigue. Even the skeleton is saved from being trite, however, for there is no happy ending. But even if the plot were such as might have been conceived by a Laura Jean Libbey, the scenes in which it is worked out would make it well worth while. You may have thought you

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knew something of the excesses caused by the present dance craze; you may have had a general impression of the enslavement of society by the fetish of what people will say; you may have had a little pity for a woman who is forced into a financial marriage with a man she really abhors; but Mr. Hughes drags these things out into the glare of sunlight with consummate art. "What Will People Say?" in addition to being one of the most entertaining stories in many months approaches the dignity of a critique of that phase of society with which it deals. ("What Will People Say?" By Rupert Hughes. Harper & Bros.)

Notes From Bookland

Those who are interested in literary reminiscence and who value a fleeting glimpse of the New York of more than half a century ago, will find something of a treat in Mrs. Gertrude King Schuyler's paper on "A Gentleman of the Old School," appearing in the May number of Scribner's Magazine, comments a writer in the New York Times. Mrs. Schuyler is a daughter of the late Charles King, who was for many years president of Columbia College, and her sheaf of anecdotes is drawn from her own recollection of various incidents in her father's career. Mr. King, who was born in 1789, passed his early years in England, where his father, Rufus King, was the American minister, and where he was for a time a schoolmate of Lord Byron at Harrow. Throughout his life he did a good deal of traveling—at least it would be counted so in those days—and Mrs. Schuyler's paper thus includes brief sketches of various places visited on the continent. But the real value of Mrs. Schuyler's contribution lies unquestionably in her portrayal of life in her father's New York home. Here such people as Washington Irving, Edward Everett and Daniel Webster were familiar visitors—and here, gathered around the library table, the family were wont to become absorbed in the literary favorites of that day, "Ferdinand and Isabella" and "Les Trois Mousquetaires."

It was in 1894 that Samuel R. Crockett, whose death was announced recently, took his place among the successful participants in the little romantic revival which Stevenson had inspired and to which Barrie and Weyman were contributors. "The Raiders" was a romance of struggle and privation, of extraordinary happenings and narrow escapes, in the Gallo-way country, and everybody read it. In the previous year, with his volume of short stories taking its title from the first of them, "The Stickit Minister," Mr. Crockett, who was a free kirk minister, had joined the then dominant kailyard school of writers, but "The Stickit Minister" was not widely read until "The Raiders" had made its author popular. Probably, among the many books afterward turned out by Crockett, there are two or three which actually surpass "The Raiders" in merit. There are not more than ever equalled it in popularity.

Thomas Mott Osborne's book, "Behind Prison Walls," D. Appleton & Co. will publish within a week or two. When Mr. Osborne, who is chairman of the New York State Prison Reform Commission, had himself committed as an ordinary prisoner to Auburn prison

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and passed a number of days of observation and investigation there, the general public knew through the newspapers a few of the facts and had a brief glimpse of Mr. Osborne's conclusions. In this volume he presents a full account of why he thought it necessary to study prison conditions inside rather than outside prison walls, and of what he saw and did and felt and thought while there. It gives a faithful description of present conditions, reflects the attitude of prisoners toward the authorities and of the keepers toward the prisoners, and sets forth and discusses the author's conclusions.

Appleton's will publish the work on "Rural Credit," which has been written by the Hon. Myron T. Herrick, United States ambassador to France. Popular interest in this subject is evidenced by the large advance orders which the publishers have been receiving for a number of weeks. The book will discuss rural credit from every angle, outlining present conditions in our own country, explaining the nature and use of credit, describing at length the various systems for personal and real estate credit in European countries, and considering their adaptability to the United States. It will contain a constructive plan for the establishment here of rural credit upon a permanent and comprehensive basis.

"The Conquest of the Tropics," by Edward Upham Adams, will be the first of a series in which Doubleday, Page & Co. purpose describing certain big businesses whose histories and operations concern and should interest the general public. The series is planned, they declare, as an open and above-board presentation frankly putting forth the interesting points of large business enterprises. This last volume, which will be ready for mid-May issue, is the story of the development of the United Fruit Company and tells the tale of tropical adventure, hard work, and business resourcefulness, out of which was developed a big industry.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice's "The Literary Baedeker," which Dodd, Mead & Co. are about to bring out, will offer to those tourists who wish to visit the scenes immortalized by the masterpieces of fiction a guide of practical

value and literary interest. The same house has ready "Lombard Towns of Italy," by Egerton R. Williams, whose books on "Hill Towns of Italy" and "Plain Towns of Italy" have found many readers. The new book will be issued in smaller and more compact form than its predecessors, so that it can be used conveniently as a guide book.

The Drama League series of modern plays, which Doubleday, Page & Co. are publishing under arrangement with the Drama League of America, has aroused much general interest and has met with a warm welcome from the public. The first volumes, which appeared early in the year, were Charles Kenyon's "Kindling" and Percy MacKaye's "A Thousand Years Ago." These were followed two weeks ago by José Echegaray's "The Great Galeoto," translated for the series by Hanna Lynch, while the next upon the list will be Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell," which is now in preparation.

Macmillan Company will have ready next week the second and final volume of "The Letters of Richard Henry Lee," which are being collected, collated and edited by James Curtis Ballagh. It will contain almost two hundred letters, most of which have never before been printed. They cast much light upon the doings of the Continental congress, the foreign relations of the infant United States, and upon the period when its present Constitution was being formed and adopted. The work is published under the auspices of the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America.

Mitchell Kennerley's Modern Drama series, which was launched last November, now includes nineteen plays published in nine volumes. Three of these volumes are by American authors, while the remainder include translations of works by French, Norwegian, Danish, and Italian dramatists. The tenth volume will contain five plays by Lord Dunsany, while another volume soon to appear will be D. H. Lawrence's "Mrs. Holroyd." The series is under the general editorship of Edwin Bjorkman.

"Property and Contract in Their Relations to the Distribution of Wealth," will be discussed by Richard T. Ely of the University of Wisconsin, in a volume to be published by the Macmillan Company early this month. Dr. Ely, who is perhaps America's foremost authority upon political economy, bases his discussion and conclusions upon both legal decisions and economic principles. Of particular interest will be his treatment of the police power, just now an insistent question in the relations between law and business.

In fiction the George H. Doran Company has several interesting titles listed for two weeks hence. Among them is a new novel by G. A. Birmingham, pseudonym of Canon Hannay, entitled "The Lost Tribes." Dorans will also add to their uniform edition of the Birmingham novels three of the author's earlier books, which he especially authorizes for this edition. They are "The Bad Times," "Hyacinth," and "The Seething Pot." At the same time the Doran Company will bring out an anonymous novel, told in letter form, entitled "To My Beloved."

"The Industrial Situation," by Frank Lacey Carlton, Professor of History and Economics at Albion College, published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, will present a comprehensive survey of the development of modern industrialism and then discuss its present-day problems. Dr. Carlton thinks it is the duty of the Church to accept much responsibility in these matters and to use its power in their settlement. The volume is published under the auspices of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

One work that will have practical interest for all manner of business men will be "The Job, the Man, the Boss,"

by Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford and Arthur Newcomb, which Doubleday, Page & Co. publish May 9. It presents the scheme of an employment department for every large business as a solution of many present problems in the hiring and firing of employees and in the difficulty of getting the right man in the right place.

Elizabeth Washburn—Mrs. Hamilton Wright—author of "The Color of the East," is the sister of the two war correspondents, Cadwallader and Stanley Washburn, who saw service in the East during the Russo-Japanese war. Her husband, Dr. Hamilton Wright, has for five years represented the United States government in the international campaign to abolish the Indo-Chinese opium traffic.

Henry Holt & Co. publish a book of poems by Coningsby Dawson, entitled "Florence On a Certain Night, and Other Poems." The volume contains selections from the poetical work he has done in the last eight years. The title poem, which is in dramatic form, tells an episode in the life of the painter of "Mona Lisa."

"Six Years a Wanderer," by A. Lotton Ridder, is a unique book of travel which Henry Holt & Co. have ready for issue. It tells the story of how the author went hither and thither over the world in the six years following 1907, making his own living on the way and visiting Japan, China, South Africa, Alaska and other regions.

In the national social science series, issued by A. C. McClurg & Co., a new volume on "Banking," by William A. Scott, is now ready. This series offers to busy folk brief and compact but sane and well-informed discussions of present-day questions. The general editor is Frank L. McVey, president of the University of North Dakota.

Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch's lectures on "On the Art of Writing," recently delivered before the University of Cambridge, will be published shortly in book form by the Putnams, as agents for the Cambridge University Press.

Frederick Chapman, literary adviser to John Lane, who has just made a short visit to this country, utilized his spare time to make final revision for publication of two new volumes in the Lane edition of the works of Anatole France, of which he is the editor.

Later in the year Brentano's will publish a volume of plays by Bernard Shaw, in which will be included "Fanny's First Play," "Misalliance," and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets." This house also promises a new volume of three plays by Eugene Brieux.

Rufus Gillmore, author of "The Opal Pin" and other detective stories, is another newspaper man who turned from daily journalism to novel writing. Most of his newspaper work was done in Boston.

Mrs. Bernard Shaw, who is now making a visit to this country, has translated into English several of the plays of Eugene Brieux which were published in America and England under the playwright's authorization.

Henry James' new book will be entitled "Notes on Novelists." Among the fiction writers upon whom he comments are Stevenson, Zola, Matilde Serao, Flaubert, George Sand, Balzac, and D'Annunzio.

"The Truth About an Author," in which Arnold Bennett wrote candidly about himself some years ago, publishing the book anonymously, has been reissued in England, revised, and over his own name.

Louis Untermeyer, author of "Challenge," says that he has learned more about poetry from music than from all the poems he has ever read.

May Sinclair is at work upon a novel for fall publication which will have its scene laid in Yorkshire.

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SEE AGENTS

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 24, 1914

023018. Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that James T.

L. Harris, whose post-office address is

Westgate, California, did, on the 18th day

of March, 1914, file in this office Sworn

Statement and Application, No. 023018, to

purchase the SE^{1/4} SW^{1/4}, Sec. 19; SW^{1/4}

SW^{1/4}, Sec. 20; and N^{1/2} NW^{1/4}, Sec. 29,

Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian,

and the timber thereon, under the

provisions of the act of June 3, 1878,

and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber

and Stone Law," at such value as might

be fixed by appraisement, and that,

pursuant to such application, the land and

stone thereon have been appraised, at

four hundred dollars, the stone at \$200.00,

and the land at \$200.00; that said applica-

nt will offer final proof in support of

his application and sworn statement on

the 2nd day of July, 1914, before the Regis-

ter and Receiver, United States Land

Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this

purchase before entry, or initiate a con-

test at any time before patent issues, by

filling a corroborated affidavit in this

office, alleging facts which would defeat

the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 24, 1914.

021600. Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Louis

Hacker, whose post-office address is Box

1849, Los Angeles, California, did, on the

23rd day of January, 1914, file in this office

Sworn Statement and Application, No.

021600, to purchase the S^{1/2} SW^{1/4}, and W^{1/2}

SE^{1/4}, Section 13, Township 1 S., Range 17

W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon,

under the provisions of the act of

June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known

as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such

value as might be fixed by appraisement,

and that, pursuant to such application,

the land and stone thereon have been ap-

praised, at four hundred dollars, the stone

at \$200.00, and the land at \$200.00; that

said applicant will offer final proof in

support of his application and sworn state-

ment on the 3rd day of July, 1914, before

the Register and Receiver, United States Land

Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this

purchase before entry, or initiate a con-

test at any time before patent issues, by

filling a corroborated affidavit in this

office, alleging facts which would defeat

the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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Stocks & Bonds

Hopes for what might be called a real substantial improvement in stock market conditions still remain largely unrealized in nearly every section of the country. There are flurries and recessions, but anything like a high tide of prosperity in the speculative world is not in sight as yet. The adjustment to changed business ideals has consumed far more time than originally expected, perhaps even by those who set up the new ideals. Slowly but steadily, however, the adjustment is working out, and although the coming of a brighter day for the investor is not heralded in anything like the lurid fashion predicted the first of the year, it is gradually approaching.

In New York the stock market is continually showing hesitancy in its movements, and frequently comes to what is known as a standstill. Although it is a far cry from New York to the local market, like conditions prevail here, even in a more pronounced sense, in fact, owing to the tighter money situation.

This week offered a good example of the slowness of the market here, when nothing develops to stimulate activity in any particular issue. Even the arrival of the Right Honorable Earl Grey, former governor-general of Canada, ex-administrator of Rhodesia, etc., and chief executive of British Union Oil Company, Ltd., was received apathetically. Of course, it was known that he was coming, but it only developed this week that he has already been chosen to preside over the fortunes of the new English corporation, with Lord Pirrie, and several other of the nobility, who pass their spare time delving into the ramifications of the petroleum industry, and who have a high regard for oil as the "fuel of the future."

Aside from Union Oil, Los Angeles Investment has received more or less notice, and has been subject to small fluctuations in the neighborhood of 80 cents. As usual, the other industrials are quiet.

The remainder of the oils, with the exception of one or two of the cheaper issues, have hardly manifested any change worthy of mention. A few shares of Amalgamated and Associated changed hands, the latter being a little firmer. Maricopa Northern and National Pacific, both of which have shown a stronger tone, were the principal attractions in the low-priced list.

Union Oil fives at 87 to 87½ appear as the chief feature of the bond list. The others are dull.

Aside from the sale of a few shares of Security Trust and Savings Bank stock at \$385 the bank list has been lifeless of late.

Of significant happening and of general interest was the announcing of appointments of members of the federal reserve board by President Wilson. This is another important step toward placing the new currency system in practice, and also, therefore, a decided advance in the present adjustment.

Banks and Banking

Commercial money, according to Dun's review, is available in Southern California at rates ranging from 6 to 7 per cent and while the under strata of dulness remains, the volume of business is maintaining a generally fair tone. Savings banks are making building loans to home builders at rates

averaging 7 per cent and it is stated that the volume of savings deposits is increased while the volume of loans remains about the same. In all branches of business there is much more conservatism shown than a year ago, and particularly is this true with regard to speculative enterprises. In the entire year there has been an absence of speculative booms, a fact that undoubtedly has prevented a considerable loss among individual investors.

Damage suits for sums aggregating \$390,000, brought by Norris S. Lippitt and Fred P. Holt, bank commissioners and receivers of the Windsor Locks Savings Bank of Hartford, Conn., against directors of that institution are based on allegations that the directors were responsible for acts of the treasurer, A. W. Converse, who in 1912 died of a pistol wound self-inflicted. The bank was closed owing to shortages in the treasurer's accounts extending over a period of thirty years. Interest in the trial is found in the effort of the state to fix responsibility of directors for administration of a bank.

Nine of the twelve federal reserve banks have more of their stock subscribed than the minimum of \$4,000,000 fixed by law. The total national bank subscribers in the twelve districts, according to a statement of the treasury department, was 4,560, of a membership of 7,497, and the total amount of stock subscribed was \$77,548,500. An amendment to the federal reserve banking act, to enable state banks or trust companies to deposit reserve funds in the other state banks or trust companies in states where such action was permitted by state laws, has been favorably reported to the senate by Senator Owen for the banking and currency committee. He states that the secretary of the treasury favors the amendment.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Having recently voted \$10,000 for the improvement of the Crest road on the mountains, San Bernardino supervisors have also voted \$5000 toward the Carbon canyon road now being built in the Chino district. The latter road furnishes a cut-off to Orange county.

Ponds to the amount of \$65,000 voted for the Calexico high school are found to be sufficient to provide for the erection of a manual arts building in addition to the main structure as originally planned.

Plans are being launched by Manhattan Beach residents for the calling of a special election to vote bonds in the sum of \$85,000. The money will be used in the construction of a municipal pleasure pier and immediate action will be taken with the plan of starting the proposed improvement as soon as possible.

Bakersfield has decided to submit the proposed park plan to its citizens at an election. Eight propositions will be offered to the voters, a total of \$350,000 being involved in the issue.

Pasadena city school district bonds in the sum of \$90,000 were awarded to C. W. McNear & Company of Chicago. The bid was par, accrued interest and a premium of \$1377.

Steps have been taken toward the calling of a bond election by the board of trustees of the Whittier union high

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school. It is proposed to vote bonds in the amount of \$15,000 for the purchase of ground and the necessary improvements for an athletic field.

Bids for the \$100,000 common school bonds and \$100,000 high school bonds of the Alhambra city school district will be opened by the board of supervisors June 1.

June 8 is the date set for the opening of bids for school bonds as follows: Redondo Beach union high school, bonds in the sum of \$150,000; Beverly Hills common school bonds, \$35,000, and El Segundo district school bonds, \$15,000.

Good News From Grain Fields

News from the grain regions, which usually takes precedence with the stock market over other developments at this season of the year has been subordinated to dispatches from Mexico and Colorado. At least the trend of conversation in commission houses gives this impression. In the offices of eastern grain brokers, however, this is not the case. Men who have kept in touch for years with growing wheat and corn say that never in their experience have conditions been so favorable for great crops. Winter wheat

ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 19, 1914.

Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Alexander Galloway, whose post-office address is 1766 W. 25th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021743, to purchase the SW 1/4, Section 17, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$220.00, and the land \$180.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of June, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 8th, 1914.

Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Cora Etta Henry, whose post-office address is 436 North Belmont Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office sworn Statement and Application, No. 021746, to purchase the Lots 1, 2 and 3, Section 14, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land thereon has been appraised, at \$337.50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 30th day of June, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at 10:00 a. m., at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
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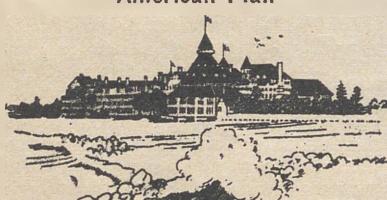
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—“In fact, there are Books, and Books, and Books that come so near to living, and breathing, and having a being all their very own—that I have often caught myself answering their thoughts aloud—communing with them as with dear friends. And it seems that they have understood me—perhaps better than I have understood them—

—“Oh! I was hypnotized today—I haven’t gotten over it yet—I was hypnotized by Books—and Books—and Books—in a perfectly splendid Bookstore where I didn’t know there was a Bookstore at all—Being in need of some underwear I went to Bullock’s, where I am always able to find the kind I want, and while making my purchases I was sud-

denly confronted by the fact that I was just opposite a perfectly astonishingly splendid display of books—I was amazed, for as I said before, I didn’t know such a thing existed—What did I do? Why just what you would expect me to do, of course—I forgot all about the underwear which I meant to purchase, and was carried away into another world—a world of Books—Books for everybody—Books of every kind and description—Books with such a wide and distinctive appeal that I lapsed into the state described by the lines, ‘The world forgetting, by the world forgot’—There are some book stores where this is not quite possible, I have found, as while you are willing and ready and eager to arrive at just that state, the people who rule and reign are too prone to destroy the Book atmosphere by an over display of commercial solicitude—but in this delightful Bookstore which I had just discovered and by which I was completely hypnotized, there was that silent invitation to ‘Come in and browse,—Enter into fairy fields; Philosophize with old philosophers; Snatch wisdom from the men of science; See what is happening every day among the people who are doing things—“Open us all up, and see what we contain, and when you find that you want, or need, or must have some of us, why of course we will go home with you if you wish—but do come and enjoy us’—All this I seemed to hear and feel in the air—and—but then I told you I had forgotten all about the

underwear—which goes to say that Elizabeth Browning was quite right, when she said ‘The book world is the real world’—I am going to tell of just a few of them, for I want you to go with me when I go back again Monday morning, then you will not think me too enthusiastic—of that I am very certain—for even your catholic tastes will be gratified—

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—“‘Victory Law’ is a new book by that young and interesting Anne Warwick who has such unusual knowledge of love and life, and such a fresh, candid way of telling it—And then there are new and worth while books on both people and countries—a delightful life of **John Burroughs** by Clara Barrus, which gives intimate and charming glimpses into the life of that great naturalist-poet—New books on Mexico, Canada and Hawaii—No, the small folks are not forgotten. There is a new **Motor Boy** story which will gladden the hearts of the boys—a new **Edna Brown book** which will make the girls happy, and a new **Twin** book by Lucy Fitch Perkins for the tiny tots—But it is useless to try to tell you, so don’t fail to meet me at Bullock’s Monday morning, and we will also be made happy.”

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